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COTTAGE
DIALOGUES

AMONG THE
IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MARY LEADBEATER.

PART SECOND.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favourable reception which the Public has given to Three Impressions of the *First Part* of the Cottage Dialogues, has encouraged the Author to extend the plan, by adding a *Second*; in which she has endeavoured to perform the same service to the Men of the Cottage, that was in the first Part designed for their Consorts.

This publication affords an opportunity, which shall be gladly embraced, of expressing the acknowledgments due to those friends who contributed their aid to the undertaking; and this duty is dis-

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charged with the greater alacrity, as the success of the former part has demonstrated how much the work was indebted to their assistance.

William P. Lefanu, who has recently established a very useful and national publication, entitled the Irish Farmer's Journal, originally suggested the design of this species of composition, and by his contributions, advice and corrections, essentially promoted the execution of it. To his counsels these publications are indebted for their existence; and if, by their effects, they shall be found promotive of the efforts he has made to diffuse instruction amongst the Irish Poor, and to extend their comforts, the writer will participate in the satisfaction which successes of this nature are best calculated to convey to a disposition interested for the good of mankind.

Melesina Trench also undertook the friendly labour of revising, and recom-

mended the publication of the work which her judgment had still further improved. The interest which this Lady took in an undertaking, which, though humble, had a national object, proved, that absence had, in no respect, damped her zeal for the welfare of her native country. And the judicious solicitude which she exercises in behalf of the tenants on her estates in Ireland, exhibits her eminently in the character of the Cottager's Friend.

The manuscript of the Dialogues was also communicated to the Bishop of Meath and his Lady, who suggested improvements, and encouraged the publication, as likely to be useful to that class of the community for which they were intended. To them the author is indebted, for having introduced the work to the notice of Richard and Maria Edgeworth, who took a warm interest in the undertaking; the notes with which Maria Edgeworth enriched

the edition printed in London, served, by the sanction of her name, to recommend the book to the English reader, while the exquisite felicity with which she delineates Irish character communicated, in the most agreeable mode, that knowledge of manners and phraseology, without which, a work so local might have proved unintelligible.

The English edition was also the means of introducing the Dialogues to the notice of the *Society for bettering the condition of the Poor*, who were pleased to extract and publish some Dialogues for the use of the English Cottagers, and to bestow on the author a token of their approbation, for which she takes this opportunity of expressing her grateful acknowledgments.

The pleasing duty of acknowledgment would have been imperfectly performed, if it should be concluded, without mentioning the encouragement,

which the first publication received from a numerous and respectable body of Subscribers, who, by taking a large number of copies for distribution, promoted their circulation among that class of readers for which they were intended, in a more expeditious manner than it could have been effected by any other means.

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COTTAGE DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

PLANTING.

Martin Nowlan & Thady Maguire.

Martin. **T**HADY, you have dropped one halfpenny already, and you'll lose more if you keep shaking your hands to jingle the money between them. Here is your halfpenny—now take care of them.

Thady. I like the sound of the money, and I'll go and get more:—Come along with me. There's Tim Daly, and Harry Connor, and Denny Max, just come up to the corner where we play pitch and toss; why don't you stir? I'll lend you a half penny to begin.

Martin. I'll not begin. I don't like pitch and toss, and I wish you would leave off that play.

Thady. Indeed that's the least of my thoughts, after I winning a handful of halfpence by it. Don't you hear how sweetly they jingle?

Martin. And would not the halfpence you'd earn leading a car jingle sweeter again than they?

Thady. Indeed, Martin, you are right, so they would; and when I got my week's hire a Saturday night from Mr. Danby, I was ten times more contented than I am now; but Mr. Danby gave me only sixpence a day, and my mother says I am worth eightpence, and that I shall not go to work for less. Mr. Danby would not give it, and no one else wanted me, so as I have nothing to do, I pass away the time playing pitch and toss.

Martin. Now, Thady, do take my advice, and turn your back on that play. What you get that way will never do you

any good, for sure you can't say it's your own when you did not earn it ; and never be so mean-spirited as to desire any one's money without giving value for it.

Thady. But what can I do with myself?

Martin. When you can't get work, make a little garden for yourself ; I'll give you share of what I have here.

Thady. What have you there ?

Martin. Some haws, and acorns, and beech-nuts, and ash-keys and hauchecones ; and you and I will strive which will take most care of our gardens ; and we will compare with one another ; and I will be glad to see your's thriving, and you will be glad to see mine.—Now, take these.

Thady. Ah, no, Martin, I'd be tired waiting to see them come up ; above all, the haws, that they say must be buried a year ; and sure they are all a long time before they are worth looking at ; and after all, what good will they be to the like of us ?

Martin. They may be great good to us. Quicks are very easily sold, and there is often a great deal got for them: I hope I will have ash to plant on the ditches my father has made, and a few beeches and hauches would look very pretty about the garden; and the oak, you know, is the king of all trees. Oh, how happy will I be when I see the little sprouts coming up! and it will be so pleasant to weed them, and to water them, when I come home from work!

Thady. Sure you would want rest after your day's work, instead of slaving at your garden.

Martin. Oh no, Thady, I am used to do a little work in the evenings, and it don't tire me at all; for when my father was making our garden, he used to have me with him, and neither he nor I were tired, though we both worked all day. My father used to say he did not want to make a toil of a pleasure, and that a little and a little constantly done, came to a great deal in the end.

Thady. Well, I wonder you did not steal away to play.

Martin. O, you would not wonder, if you knew how pleasant my father was with me; telling me stories of things that happened long ago, and how honest people got on in the world, or if they were poor all their lives, they were respected, and their goodness met them one time or other, and best of all, on the death-bed. At other times, he would be telling me the nature of beasts and of birds, and of land; and sure I think I will never forget it. Indeed, I was sorry when the garden was finished, though we often work at it still, but not constantly.

Thady. Well, but the heavy spade—how could you manage it?

Martin. Now, do you know what my father did,—he that would grudge himself a mug of ale, and think bad to buy himself a new coat? he went to Carlow, every foot, to Mr. Burrowes that keeps the hardware shop, and bought a neat light spade

or me for three and three pence. Sure I could not but be glad to work for such a father; and I was longing and uneasy till I paid him the price of the spade.

Thady. I thought you gave your mother your earnings every Saturday night.

Martin. To be sure I do. But Mr. O'Brien, that I work for, sometimes sends me of messages, and the young ladies send me with notes to other young ladies, and they give me from a penny to two-pence for my trouble, and I saved that for a good while, till I put together three and three pence, and then I took it to my father.

Thady. I warrant you surprised him very pleasantly.

Martin. Not at first; for he and my mother looked frightened, and asked me closely how I came by it. But when I told them, penny by penny, how I got it, they both kissed me, and they cried, and they blessed me, and they thanked the Lord that gave me to them; and all the

money in Mr. O'Brien's purse could not have made me half so happy. And my father gave me that corner of the garden for myself, and I am going to plant willows there to make a little summer-house for my mother to sit in when she is watching her bees. Oh, Thady, you would take delight in those things, if you once gave your mind to them.

Thady. But there would be no use in my giving my mind to them ; for once I did make myself a little garden, and did take delight in it too ; but my father said it made one idle, and my mother again said there was no use in my slaving myself at it ; and I was always called away to drive home the pig, or watch the geese, or any thing sooner than divert myself with that. So at last I left it entirely, and went out of their way too far off to be within call. But there's Kit Dooley, the turkey-boy, at pitch and toss. I'd like to beat him of all things ; so good evening to you.

DIALOGUE. II.

BROTHERLY CARE.

Thady, Martin.

Thady. I wonder, Martin, you are not ashamed to carry that little child about. Why, if you were a girl, you could do no more.

Martin. I love my pretty little brother, and I like to nurse him, and he likes to be with me, and stretches his little hands to me. See how he looks up, and laughs at me! Ah, you little rogue, you know your own Martin.

Thady. It is only fit for women to mind little children; and I wonder at your mother, that is so clever, that she puts it upon you.

Martin. Indeed my mother is clever, and, to my knowledge, she never asked me to take the child; but it is hard for her, with six of us about her, to do all she

does ; and I hope every one of us, according as we are able, will do what we can to help her. My sister Biddy can wash the potatoes, and is learning to spin, and little Peggy takes delight in sweeping the floor, and putting things by ; and then she begs a needle and thread from mammy, and strives to hem a rag ; and Jemmy, the little creature, takes Jenny by the hand that is just learning to walk, and daddles about with her.—Biddy minds Johnny very well, and among us all, you see, he is well nursed.

Thady. Never was there such bother as a house-full of squalling children.—There are but three of us in all, and yet Judy and Pat keep such fighting, and crying, that I hate to be in the house with them ; though my mother never crosses them, but gives them whatever they want.

Martin. I believe it would be better if she did not—for my mother never gave us any thing we cried for, as I remember,

though she is very loving to us, and we always lived very pleasantly with one another.

Thady. Well, when my father comes home from work, all is as mute as a mouse;—for if he heard the least whimpering, down with the rod, and a good whipping, and to bed with them; and then my mother frets and cries, and scolds my father; and my father grows sulky, and sometimes leaves the house entirely. But he has made us so afraid of him, that we are all quiet when we hear his step, if the noise is not too great to let us hear it, and get out of his way. I believe you are not afraid of your father; but are not the little children afraid of him?

Martin. Afraid of my father! Oh no! it is who will get to daddy first when he comes in, and who will set his chair in the chimney, and who will put by his hat, for fear he'd go out again—but no fear of that, for he never desires to leave us. Little Johnny is his delight, and after

nursing him till the child falls asleep; he will lay him in his cradle, and return thanks to the Almighty that gave him such a wife and children. And when my mother was so ill, when Johny was a very little baby, my father took him into another bed, and minded him in the night, and fed him, and lost his own rest, and never complained, though he had to work hard in the day to keep us all up. And now, when I think of that, and think all my poor mother has gone through with us, losing many a night's sleep, and looking badly in the day-time, and getting things for us when we were sick, and that she has had all this trouble with six of us, how could I have the heart to think bad of any thing I could do for them! All I wish is, that I may ever have it in my power to make them comfortable.

Thady. Aye, you have a father and mother who are fond of you, and careful of you; and one don't beat you for nothing, and the other not care what you

do, so you don't put her out of her way ; for if we do that, my mother is cross enough.

Martin. Oh, Thady, don't talk that way of your father and mother ; you don't know what they go through to keep a cabin over you, and put a bit in your mouths ; and sure it is fitter for you, that are the eldest, to strive to keep the two little ones out of mischief, and from teasing your mother ; for that frets her, and then your father is vexed when he comes in.

Thady. Oh, what can I do with them ? my mother would be mad if I gave them a slap—and I can't humour them.

Martin. Don't talk of slapping—sure you might divert them without humouring them ; take them a little walk out of your mother's way, or get them some little thing to play with, or talk to them pleasantly. I know it lies in the way of such little boys as we are, to help our mothers a good deal ; and sure it is what we

ought to do. Now go home, Thady, do go, and help your mother, and you'll see how pleasant you will all be.

Thady. Well—I think I will—but there's my father, and he looks angry; and I see the pig is out of the sty that he bid me put up, and I forgot it. Not a foot of me will go home—and there is Jem and Denny beckoning to me to go play pitch and toss—I'm off.



DIALOGUE III.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Thady, Martin.

Thady. Where are you going, Martin, with a book under your arm?

Martin. To school, Thady.

Thady. To school of a Sunday!

Martin. Yes—and do you come too. The quality have got this school set up for the like of us, whose parents are poor, and who can't afford to pay for their children, or who can't spare their children's earnings from the family.

Thady. Oh now! I believe this is the very thing Mr. Seymour, the minister, was talking to my mother about the other day. I just went in as he came out, and he looked sorry at me, the way he looks at people when he can't help them; and when I went in, my mother was talking

to herself, angry-like, and said no child of her's should go to a charity school: and more than that, she said one day's schooling was not worth thanking for.— So I made off, to be out of her way, and to play pitch and toss—and indeed I think you might as well come with me now, for any good you'll get one day. O sure you'll forget all by this day week.

Martin, I think if the Sunday schools were no good, the quality would never be at the trouble and cost of setting them up. But time will tell.—I can't stay any longer now. We are to stay two hours now before prayers, and two more in the afternoon.

Continuation.

Martin. Here still, Thady! what were you doing here ever since?

Thady. Nothing at all, but throwing stones at the water-hens swimming on that pond.

Martin. I hope you did not hit them. Pretty little creatures! Sure they do no harm; what ailed you at them?

Thady. I did not care whether I hit them or no. They do me no harm; but I have nothing to do—no one to play pitch and toss with me. How do you like school?

Martin. Very well, indeed. There were gentlemen and ladies teaching us, and as earnest about it, and took as much pains, as if they were to get their bread by it; and sure I can't but remember what they showed me to do; but I know a way that I can't forget it.

Thady. How is that?

Martin. I'll teach my sister Biddy what I learn, a little lesson every evening.

Thady. O never mind teasing the little girl, and bothering yourself. Your mother will send her, I'll engage, since she is not above letting her child go to a charity school.

Martin. My mother was never above any thing that was good, and I never saw her or my father either so rejoiced as when Mr. Seymour proposed it to them. They could not speak for joy, and when they did, they said he could not have given them any thing they would be more thankful for ; for they wished greatly to send me to school, and they really could not just now do without my little earnings ; and they said that to have their children educated was better than bags of money ; and Mr. Seymour said nothing, but took out his pocket handkerchief and blew his nose, and stooped down to stroke little Tommy's head ; and then he shook hands with my father and mother, and called them good people, and went off quite pleasantly. As to Biddy, it will be no harm if she knows a little before she goes to school, and I won't teaze her, nor bother myself with what I'll teach her, for she is good humoured, and I am very fond of her.

DIALOGUE IV.

ROBBING BIRDS' NESTS.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. What boys were they that were striving to get over our garden ditch?

Thady. Only Larry Connor, and Kit Dooley.

Martin. And why did they want to break the hedge? Sure I'd let them in if they wanted to look at our little garden.

Thady. It's little they care about gardens, but they wanted to get at that black-bird's nest behind the summer-house.

Martin. Ah, my sweet, pretty black-bird, that I fed all winter, and that sung so sweet when the leaves began to come out, and that made your nest so nicely, and sat on the eggs so long; did they want to rob you? Poor thing!

Thady. What matter about a black-bird, or any bird? I had a nice string of birds' eggs hung up in the room at home. I blew them, and my mother strung them for me, and they looked very pretty. But for all that, they gave me trouble enough. Little Pat cried to have them in his own hand, and my mother let him get them, and he smashed them in pieces, and I gave him a thump—then he set up the roar, and my mother boxed my ears, and then I began to roar too, and in came my father, and he laid on me with a switch, and my mother strove to save me, and my father got into a passion with her, and I thought we would never see the end of it.

Martin. That came of robbing the birds of their eggs. The pretty birds, that hop and fly about so nimble, and sing so sweet, and glance their little eyes about so sharp, and build their nests so curiously. Sure one of us could no more make such a nest than we could fly—and there they

lay their pretty eggs, and sit on them day after day ; and when the little birds come out, how the old birds fly about for something to feed them with, and bring it in their bills, and feed one after another, all equally alike, as they gape for it ! It's a great delight to me to watch them, and to see the feathers coming on the young birds, and the old ones showing them how to fly.

Thady. Then I suppose you'll keep one of the young blackbirds in a cage.

Martin. Indeed I won't ; for I could not bear the thoughts of being shut up in one room all my life myself, if the room was ever so fine, or if I had ever such good things to eat in it. Sure the bird sings more merrily on the tree than in a cage, and it has company, and is happy ; and I believe it is a sin to make any thing unhappy.

DIALOGUE V.

CONTRITION.

Biddy and her Brother Martin.

Biddy. Don't be fretting yourself this way, day and night; sure my father and mother forgive you entirely. Come in and eat a bit. I don't believe you put a bit in your mouth these two days.

Martin. I don't desire to put a bit in my mouth, nor I can't stop fretting if I was to get the world for it. Oh, Biddy, what I'd give that I had the same easy mind this morning that I had this day week; but it's no small matter to bring back a light heart when once it's gone. O Biddy, sure the forgiveness my father and mother gave me, and the advice and the blessings all came down upon me, so that I thought I'd melt away be-

fore them ; and all night I sobbed and cried till my heart was spent, and my head aching. But what signifies pain of body, compared with trouble of mind ?

Biddy. But, Martin, you ought to take comfort, as my father and mother bid you, that it was not a neighbour's fowl you were tempted to kill instead of our own.

Martin. Oh sure it would never have come into my head to kill any fowl, only for Thady, that put me up to it, and made me think it was no harm to take our own fowl ; but I saw the harm of it before it was half done, and I was ashamed to stop, and every bit I ate of them I thought would stick in my throat. All my comfort is, that I told no lie about it, though I was very near denying it, only I trembled, and my tongue would not say the words.

Biddy. Well, I wondered if mischief ever came into your head of its own accord, and now I see it was all Thady's doings.

Martin. Don't you tell any one that Thady had any thing to do in it, for I am more to blame than him, because I thought it was a sin to do as I did, but he said he did not see any harm in it. And then I have checked Thady so often for one thing or another.—Oh, one that advises another ought to be greatly afraid to do a wrong thing. See how I was led by Thady, after all!

Biddy. I'm sure and certain you'll never do a wrong thing again.

Martin. Oh, how can we be sure of any one, or of ourselves; but I hope this will be a lesson to me the longest day I live.



DIALOGUE VI.

VICTUALS.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. Where are you going, Thady? Sure you are turning your back on your work, though it's past seven o'clock.

Thady. I'll work no more at Mr. Kennedy's. I think myself a little better than a pig, and worthy of better victuals too.

Martin. I lived at Mr. Kennedy's for one season, and I thought he was very good, and the mistress too, for they gave us full and plenty, and were as tender of the small working boys as if we were their children. When I heard you were hired in it, I thought it would just answer you, as you were reared so tender.

Thady. I never was the boy that would take up with potatoes and buttermilk for my breakfast, and nothing better for my dinner, barring a bit of butter ; only meat twice a week, and not a drop of beer—Leave me alone for that ; I think I know how to make a better bargain for myself than all that, Martin, my lad !

Martin And sure, Thady, that was very good diet for the like of us, if we were men, let alone gossoons. Ought not we to be proud and thankful, to get plenty of clean, good victuals of any sort at all ? Sure we could not get as good on our own floor, and what would we be at when we are at service ?

Thady. May be you don't get as good on your own floor, nor I either, every day ; but when we kill a pig, or buy a bit of beef, we fry it and eat it two or three times in the day ; and my mother often cuts me down a slice of bacon off the flitch in the chimney, when she wants to coax

me to do a turn for her. You see I can make a bargain sure enough, for I would not run of an errand, nor hold the child, or do a pin's-worth, barring she gave me a penny, or a good savoury bit.

Martin. I declare, Thady, I'm ashamed to hear you talk so. Strive not to be so fond of the bit you eat, or you'll be thought very little about.

Thady. So you don't care what you get, I suppose?

Martin. My mother always gives us clean victuals, and tells us to be thankful for whatever is set before us; and my father and she were never particular about what they eat themselves; and we had no business to be so, for they would check us severely.

Thady. Don't you remember the fowl you got for our feast long ago; that was a good bit, however?

Martin. You know I was mad at myself for doing that turn; and it was not for the lucre of eating it, I took the fowl.

Thady. Indeed I know it was not, and that it was I brought you into that scrape ; and how genteelly you used me about it, not telling of me, but took the blame on yourself!—Well, Martin, the thought of that makes me willing to be said by you, and I'll go back to my work.

—ooo—

DIALOGUE VII.

PERSEVERANCE.

Winny, and her son *Martin*.

Winny. I think Johnny is more backward at his book than any of you were at his age. I thought, *Martin*, you would have brought him on very fast, when I saw you so eager to teach him the beginning of winter.

Martin. I thought so too, mother, but, somehow, I grew tired of it, and so did he. It's a great deal more trouble than I thought, to be teaching children their lessons.

Winny. It is troublesome, *Martin*, and so it is, to rear children, and to work every day, and to get ready the victuals every

day, and to make and mend for all of you ; but if I was to grow tired of it, you'd be all a poor, wretched, naked family.

Martin. Indeed, mother, I often wonder how you and my father go on every day providing for us, and taking care of us, and how you and Biddy knit, and spin, and sew for us all, and never seem tired. I never thought so much about all that till I grew tired of hearing Johnny his lessons, and I often blamed myself for it, though I did not let on.

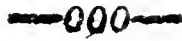
Winny. I am very glad you blamed yourself for this, and that you saw how wrong it was. Now, Martin, only that I know that you could read a great deal better than ever I was taught to read, I'd have taught Johnny myself, as I did all the rest of you. But, thinks I, Martin can teach him in half the time I can—far from it. Badly learned as I was, I soon taught you all to spell, just by sticking to it every day ; not one day, barring Sun-

day, would I stop; and you could not forget what you learned from one day to another.

Martin. I'm very sorry, mother, for not keeping to it as lively as I began, but from this time out, I hope I will; and if you see me neglect it, will you put me in mind to set Johnny a lesson every day? Sure, only for my father, or I would have grown tired of my garden too, but he kept me to it till I grew fond of it in earnest, and fell into the way of minding it, as I would of eating my dinner.

Winny. Aye, that's the way with a great many young people, to be taken with something all at once that comes in their head to do, and that must be minded above all things, and often nothing else is minded; and then, as if they were run out of breath, they stop all at once, and no more about it. But commend me to them that consider what is to be done, and if they think they can do it, set about it quiet and

regular, and don't neglect one thing for another. Now, Martin, that is what I'd have you do, and what I expect you will do; for you have one good point, however, to be always ready to take advice.



DIALOGUE VIII.

CULTIVATION.

Barney, Martin.

Barney. That's right, my boy ! down with your spade as far as you can, throw up the earth, and mind to take a thin spade-full at a time.

Martin. Now, father, shall I rake what I have dug ?

Barney. Yes, you may ; for now you have dug as much as you can reach with the rake ; and whenever you have, be sure rake it, and then you need not trample the plot, which you must do if you don't rake as you go along ; and before you began to dig you took away the stones

and weeds, and now you are digging, take away what you throw up as they appear, to hinder weeds growing again.

Martin. Fardy, the old gardener, told me that the master he lived with, when he was a boy, used to say,

“As a body without bones,
So is earth without stones.”

Barney. May be Fardy and his old master were right; but I think there's no danger but there will be stones enough left below the reach of your spade. It is my mind you should ask advice of every one that knows how to give it; that's the way I got what little knowledge I have.

Martin. Fardy told me that it would be well to throw up the ground into narrow ridges in winter, to receive the benefit of the frost, which kills snails, and other things of that kind, and enriches the ground, and makes it able to bring a good crop in summer with less dung.

Barney. Very true ; but I think it is better to have a winter crop in the ground ; for it helps all the family, both the Christians and the dumb beasts ; and if the earth is kept to the stalks of the plants, and that they are not planted nearer than three feet to one another, you will find that will be better for the ground, and for the next summer-crop, than the throwing up ridges. Now that I am giving the garden up entirely to you, I think well of telling you what has done best with myself, though you may know it as well as I, because of helping one so much as you did, since you were able to lift a little spade.

Martin. When I worked along with you, father, I just did as you bid me, without thinking why it was done ; but now that you won't be over me, I'll be glad how often you come to look at my work, and advise me about it. And, father, before you go, I'd be obliged to you to tell me when I shall plant the seeds of trees that I gathered last autumn, ash,

sycamore, beech, oak, horse-chesnuts, fir-cones, and a few elm, which I was hard set to get. I have my haws and the sweet-briar berries in earth all the winter in the cracked pan my mother gave me. Shall I sow them now? I was too heedless about my seeds before, and not many of them came up.

Barney. Well, do n't be disheartened; but when any thing fails with you, strive to make out the reason why it went astray, and do better next time. There is a bit of well-dug ground lightly raked that will just do for them. Make beds, three feet wide, and sow your seeds in them. Weed the young plants carefully; and if the summer be dry, water them now and then, and next spring they will be fit to put in nursery beds.

Martin. Fardy gave me a few cuttings of gooseberries and currants. I planted them, to be sure, because I would not affront the old neighbour; but do you think they are fit for the like of us?

Barney. Fit enough. Only learn the way to prune them, not to let too many branches be in the heart of them, to keep the fruit from ripening, and to keep but one stem to the tree; and then you'll have plenty of fruit for your mother, your brother and sisters, and for myself and you, to cool our mouths, when we come in of a hot summer's day.

Martin. And for neighbour Nanny Doyle and hee girl.

Barney. By all means. And you will get good call for all you have to spare; either to sell to the basket-women, or to those that make wine.

Martin. I hope Kit Dooley and Larry Conner can't get at them.

Barney. You know I took the greatest care, before ever I dug a spit in the garden, to fence it very well, and the quicks and sweet-briar mixed made a fine hedge; and do you take care to clip it, as I did, small up to the top, and then it will grow thick and close at the bottom.

Martin. I am greatly obliged to you, father ; but now the evening is growing cold, and you should not stand here, after being warm with your work. Do go in, father, if you please, and when I have finished raking this bit, I'll follow you.

DIALOGUE IX.

NIGHT SCHOOL.

Thady, Martin.

Thady. Where are you going this time in the evening? I thought you staid at home and read to your father and mother; but I have caught you on your rambles.

Martin. I was reading to them, but now the time is come to go to Neddy Horan's night-school.

Thady. Neddy Horan ! Only that I never knew you tell a fib, or humbug, I'd think you were at that work now. I am sure I saw Neddy Horan following the plough in Mr. Wilson's wheat-field, and

I saw him coming home ; warm enough he looked with work, as cold as the day is. And would you make me believe that he's turned into a school-master at night ? The poor boy, that would want to rest himself, to sit down to a book !—

Martin. Why then, Thady, it's as true as you are standing there that Neddy Horan does keep what we call a night-school.—Not to teach little children their letters, but to improve boys that know something of learning, in cyphering, and the like.

Thady. And what does he get by it ?

Martin. Nothing, as I may say. One boy brings a penny candle and a sod of turf one night, and another boy the same next night, and so on ; and then he is so good-natured, he makes no matter of it ; but says he improves himself, and is glad of our company.

Thady. I wonder his father and mother allow it. Why, my mother would not bear that I should bring boys into our

place, taking up the fire, and dirtying the floor.

Martin. I never heard them find fault with him for it. To be sure he is a good, dutiful boy, and helps them greatly with his earnings. I am sure he will make you welcome if you'll come with me now, this minute.

Thady. Ah, Martin, you know I know nothing.—I'd only shame myself.

Martin. Well, if you like, I'll be proud to teach you a little, to put you on, and then you'll improve fast among us all.—But where were you going now?

Thady. Why then I'll tell you. One can't sleep all these long winter nights, you know, and I can't read hardly at all; and my father and mother are arguing, and I was very lonesome at home, till Larry Connor took pity on me, and got me down to his father's, and there I met Tim Daly and Dinny Max, my old comrades at pitch and toss, and lucky Kit Dooley too, and we diverted ourselves

with a pack of cards, and it was exceedingly pleasant, and Kit, as lucky as he was, lost sixpence to me, that was so new at the business, and that gave me the greatest spirits, and I won a good deal, and I lost a good deal;—but I am not frightened at losing, and so I go on, and to-night, I hope, I will make up all I lost.

Martin. I wish you would not set your foot within that door, nor touch one of their cards. You don't know what it will bring you to. My father often said, that any one who took to card-playing was always ruined by it at last. Do now, leave it off, and come with me to Davy Horan's, and you will be twice as happy, you'll find.

Thady. Any way, I can't go now, you know, because I can't put pen to paper, or hardly read a line in a book—I can't stay now; to-morrow we'll talk more about it.

DIALOGUE X.

CRUELTY (WANTON).

Thady, Martin.

Thady. Martin, I wish you would mind your own business, and not be after spoiling the diversion of them you have no call to.

Martin. Thady, I have a call to you. You are my comrade from the time we could walk.

Thady. Well, I know I am, and I can't fall out with you if I had a mind, because you never make an angry answer to an angry body, and that's one reason you are so well liked. But you had no call to the dog, for all that; and we had great sport with him all the morning, and you must come, and take dog and saucepan and all from us. Kit Dooley said he hoped the dog bit you, and he believed

he was mad. But I hope he did not.
—Did he, Martin?

Martin. No, no, I took care he should not, for I was afraid, too, that he was mad. But he was not; and when he got his fright a little off, and the saucepan taken from him, oh, how he wagged his tail, and jumped about my feet, and looked up in my face, and whinged, as if he said, “I am greatly obliged to you.” Indeed it was very pleasant; and I wondered of all things how you could take delight in teasing and tormenting him, running after him, roaring and laughing like fools, (I beg your pardon, Thady) and that you had no compassion on his frightened looks, when he heard the noise of the saucepan you tied to his tail.

Thady. That was the fun of the thing, and to hear him yelping, and the other dogs running away from him.—

Martin. Thady, you used not to be hard-hearted. If you consider a little, you could not think it was sport, and you might have set the dog mad, and then what

a piece of work that would be. And Dinny Max stole the saucepan his mother had to warm the child's victuals in, and the poor woman was quite astray for it till she met me with it in my hand—indeed there was not much good left in it, and very angry she was, and no blame to her for being angry.

Thady. Then if you know'd but all, it's little you'd think of what you saw to-day. Why, what do you think Larry and Kit and Dinny did with a cat last Sunday? Indeed I thought it too bad myself.

Martin. Don't tell me. I'd not be the better of hearing such things. I hate barbarous doings. Ah, Thady, leave these boys entirely. They'll ruin you. They'll bring you to be cruel, too, with the rest. A boy that can torment and kill poor dumb animals, for diversion, will not mind, when he is a man, how he hurts his fellow creatures.

Thady. O, you know the law will hinder him doing that.

Martin. Yes, indeed, and we are greatly beholden to the law for that same. But a person's mind may be hurted, and heart broke, by the behaviour of inconsiderate, hard-hearted people.

DIALOGUE XI.

THEFT.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. It was little I thought that they were stolen apples you brought me last Monday, or I would not have tasted one of them.

Thady. I wish I never had the luck to see them at all, or to look over the orchard hedge, good or bad; but they were the unlucky apples for me!—any how, it was a poor, mean-spirited turn of Mr. Kinse-lagh to expose a young boy for the lucre of two or three apples, and he having such a power of them.

Martin. I was very sorry when I heard you come to so much shame, and I half

wished that Mr. Kinselagh was not so particular.

Thady. You *half wished it!* I thought you had more friendship for me than to *half wish* I was not made a show of.

Martin. Indeed I wish from my very heart that you would never do any thing to expose yourself; but when I think that neither rich or poor would be sure of a pennyworth of their honest earnings, if either old or young people were allowed to take them, then, indeed, I can't but be glad that we have laws to keep every one in order. Put the case to yourself, Thady; would you like young Andy Kinselagh to steal your marbles, or your ball, or your mother's cocks or hens, or her apron, or your shirt, off the hedge?

Thady. I would not like it at all; but you know boxing orchards is a different thing, and what half the boys in the place do, without thinking any harm.

Martin. Now tell me honestly, Thady, don't you think it is as much harm to steal

tenpence worth of apples, as tenpence worth of linen or fowl?

Thady. Why, I believe it is, if one was to look so exact at it.

Martin. If we don't look exact at things, there is no knowing what sins we may commit. They say the greatest robbers that ever were hanged began by robbing orchards, and you know the most deadly sin of all comes quite common after robbery.

Thady. What's that? Lord preserve us, but you frighten me!

Martin. Murder! Sure the robbers are so afraid of being found out by those they have robbed, that they often murder them, to put them out of the way; though before they were guilty of robbery, they would not have believed that they would ever do the like.

Thady. I'm sure I'll never rob any one living, barring it be to take a few apples in the season, just to divide with my comrades.

DIALOGUE XII.

LANCASTERIAN SCHOOL.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. Now, Thady, you can go to a school, your mother need not be ashamed of, where you can pay every week, and so cheap, as your father is only a labourer, that it will be no hardship to him.

Thady. But it will be a hardship to me to go to school now, if I got the schooling for nothing ; and so big a boy as I am, to be learning from a little child ! O, it's out of the question. My mother wanted me to go, but I told her I would not.

Martin. O fie, Thady ! how could you turn your tongue to make your mother such an answer ? But you'll think better of it, to be sure, and tell her you are sorry

for what you said, and go to school. There's many as big as you there, and sure it's better late than never to begin.

Thady. I think you don't go yourself, then, for all your advising me to go.

Martin. Thanks to the quality and to Neddy Horan, I am pretty well taught, of a poor boy, and I set myself sums at night, and I keep our little accounts, and I write out of books things that I like into another book, and that does instead of a copy, and I read to my father and mother. But after all, it is not but I want more learning, and would be proud to get it.

Thady. And what hinders you? Sure you may do as you like; your father and mother won't cross you.

Martin. What hinders me is, that I can earn thirteen pence a day now, and I can't think of taking that advantage from my poor father and mother; and we send Biddy and Johnny to school. But who do you think is the master of the new school?

Thady. Not a know I know; who is he?

Martin. No one but Neddy Horan ; and that's what he got by his cleverness and his goodness. You see he did not begrudge others to learn as well as himself, but was willing to teach them for nothing but from real goodnature ; and now you see what it has done for him, and what it has got for him, his good thirty pounds a year ; and he is Mr. Horan now ! Now as you are not in settled work, and your family a good deal smaller than our's, I think you had better go for half a year or so, and then you might get on by yourself in the evenings. I'm sure I would do what I could to help you.

Thady. O, I wish I had begun sooner to learn, I might know something now—but I can't settle my mind to any thing till evening, when Larry comes for mé to go to the boys at his father's, and that in truth is the greatest pleasure I take ; and it's hardly a pleasure either ; for many a dull hour I spent walking along the ditches, and many an hour I lie awake

wishing I had never touched a card ; but I can't help it, and the more my father and mother scold me for being out, the more I hate to stay at home ; and Larry's good-natured ; and when he and my other comrades saw me so dull, and saying that I believed I would leave off card-playing, they brought in a jug of punch, and they treated me, and kept up my spirits.

Martin. Ah, Thady, take care that the punch don't do you as much hurt as the card-playing : both together may ruin you for good and all. You say you feel yourself unhappy—do, mind that, and don't do what makes you feel unhappy.

Thady. I can't help myself now. If I left my company, I'd be laughed at ; and they are so fond of me, they can't live without me.

Martin. You can help yourself, and leave that company which does no good. Stay with your father and mother, try to please them, and to help them. Ah, sure it will break your heart when they are

dead and gone, if you have to think you did not do your duty to them, nor bear with them. A great deal they bore for you, and would give their life for you, I am sure ; and it frets them to see you don't care for their company. But it's never too late to mend, and, Thady, now begin, and stay this evening at home with them. Do now, and you'll find you'll be stronger to stand against going with Larry, when he sets upon you again.

Thady. Well, to-morrow evening I intend to stay at home ; but this evening I can't, for they are all waiting for me, and Larry is coming over the stile to meet me. Let my arm go, for I tell you I must go now—but to-morrow, to-morrow. Good evening.

DIALOGUE XIII.

USE OF LEARNING.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. Was not that Jack Ennis was talking to you just now? I thought he was gone to Dublin, to work journey-work.

Thady. He went to Dublin, sure enough, but he did not seem likely to better himself there, so he came home again, and sorry enough he is that he ever went there.

Martin. And why is he so sorry? I thought Jack did carpenter's work very well.

Thady. So I said to him, and moreover remarked, 'If you don't get on, Jack,

I don't know who will ; for, says I, you were a tradesman born, and your father and grandfather before you, and that is what few carpenters here can say. But Jack made answer, looking over at you moulding up the cabbages, ' Now for all that, there's Martin that's more respected than I ever will be, because he has the learning. If I had it I might have done well in Dublin ; but every one said there was no good in a country workman if he could not keep an account, or take an exact measurement ; as for the town's-people, they are so handy, and finish their work so nicely, that they can do without the head knowledge, better than the like of me can.'

Martin. Now, Thady, you see what a good thing it is to get a little learning. There's Peter Quin has learned to survey, and earns a great deal by it, and Phil Redmond has got a clerkship in Carlow, and Paddy Kerivan another in Athy, all poor

boys ; but they were taught at the daily school, and minded what was taught them.

Thady. It happened very well for them ; but I don't see much good in every one sending their children to school. Every boy can't be a carpenter, a surveyor, or a clerk.

Martin. Then I see great good in every child being sent to school. If he is to be a tradesman, he will be more complete at his trade ; and if he has a shop, he is every hour in the day reaping the benefit of his learning.

Thady. But, there are more labouring men in the country than any other people ; and what matter is it to a labourer whether he ever went to a school or not, provided he knows a tenpenny from a halfpenny, and can reckon up to a score.

Martin. The poorest labourer in the whole country must have dealings in the world, and may be imposed upon if he can't read or write. Besides, it is both pleasant and useful for a man to sit down to read at

nights or on Sundays, instead of drinking, so as to destroy himself and his family.

Thady. Indeed I know that is true enough, to my cost, and I often wish I had been sent to school ; and often yet I am afraid there is nothing but poverty before me while I live.

Martin. One is never too old to learn, you know. I will give you a lift as well as I can, and you shall be welcome to read my books.

Thady. Long life to you, and a happy death ! I am sure what you read must be good reading, and if I can get off with Larry and Kit, that made me promise to go to the dance with them to-night, I'll come to you.

DIALOGUE XIV.

BASKET-MAKING.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. Thady, I'll be thankful to you to give this basket to your mother, to carry out her clothes to the hedge. I heard her say she wanted the like; and may be Judy would fancy this little one for her work. Give them to them, with my compliments.

Thady. You are very good, Martin; but sure it is a great pity to put you to the cost of those baskets.

Martin. Oh, Thady, they cost me nothing. I made them out of the prunings of my mother's summer-house, that I

planted when I was a little fellow. And I made these you see, in the room, for my mother and Biddy, and for our neighbour, Nanny Doyle.

Thady. How did you learn to make them?

Martin. From old Jemmy Dunn. My father is a good warrant to make hurdles : it was he made those over our heads here, and in the room ; and clever lofts they are to put things out of the way, and one over the cow-house to keep hay on ; but he desired me to go and look at Jemmy making baskets, and neatly he made them ; and the young ladies where he lives have work-baskets a-piece of his making ; and he is never lonesome, of a wet day or winter's night, at his work. And Jemmy took pains to show me how to do them, and I thought I would try my hand, and be making one now and then, as I had time, to keep my hand in, that I need never be idle ; and if my father and mother rather I would talk to them than read, I might be doing something all the while.

Thady. It's my notion you'll break your heart at last with the work.

Martin. There's nothing belonging to this world keeps the heart from breaking more than to be always doing something. I remember one day Mrs. Wattham called in to see my mother, when she was on a visit at the grove, for she knew my mother when she was a girl, and she said she had great trouble in the death of all her children ; and, says she, " I look to knitting these kind of gloves, " for she had her knitting with her, nice silk all knit in holes, and my mother admired them greatly, and she said, after she was gone, what a sensible woman that lady was, to strive to turn her mind upon something. There was Ally Johnson, too, who had but one eye, and in her old age lost that one.

Thady, That's true.—Poor Ally ! often I pitied her when I saw her, but I never thought of asking about her. I believe she is dead.

Martin. She is, and happily gone, hope ; and she was happy in this life too .

Thady, Happy ! and she blind, and next door to begging !

Martin. She would have been all out begging but for the good lady that owns the ground. She allowed her a shilling a week while she lived, and gave her a decent burying when she died. And more than that, aye, and better than that, she got wool spun into coarse yarn, and had old Ally taught to knit under-petticoats, and paid her for knitting them, and that was a great help to her. But you never saw what new life it gave the creature when she learned to knit. She was more contented, and merrier too, than many that have hundreds ; and she prayed many a prayer for the good lady, and thanked the Almighty that raised her such a friend, and gave her so many comforts ; and she said the lady would bury her, and she was willing to die.

DIALOGUE XV.

BENEFIT SOCIETY.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. I have been talking to Charly Coghlan, that went to England to work at the harvest, and he has told me wonderful good done by the gentleman he worked for; and I am sure when he tells Mr. Seymour, he will never rest till he gets such a thing set on foot here.

Thady. I am sure it must be good, because I hear it was with a very good gentleman entirely that Charly worked.

Martin. Good! I could listen to Charly from morning till night; he is

never tired talking of Mr. Curwin's goodness ; and he says, only it's so far from his burying-place, he would go back again across the sea and settle at the Schoore Farm. By and by I'll tell you of the great feast at Workington-Hall, but this is better that I am going to let you know about, as Charly laid it down to me.

Thady. What can be better than a fine feast ?

Martin. It is better to have something to eat every day of one's own, than to stuff even that good gentleman's beef, that's given with as good a will as ever Irish king gave it, once a year, and to be helped in sickness, which is one of the greatest of all helps. Now Mr. Curwin employs a great many labourers ; and though in England the parish provides for the poor people that belong to it, yet the poor people think bad of being supported by it, but this noble gentleman puts them in a way to help themselves.

Thady. 'There's many a one would be glad to do that, if they knew how.

Martin. He has set up something like a club, and every member of it is to pay three pence a week: any one under forty years old may be a member, and, what is very kind, even if they leave Mr. Curwin's work, if they have not misbehaved, they may still go on as before. If any one neglects paying for three months he will be put out of the club, and they must have been paying six months before they can ask relief from the fund.

Thady. Well, and what relief do they get?

Martin. Nothing for the first week's sickness; but after that, ten shillings a week for twelve weeks, and seven shillings a week afterwards, till the person is able to work again. But no one must receive at one time above ten times what he has put in, without the leave of all the subscribers. Mr. Curwin himself pays three-tenths of the sum that is rais-

ed; and he takes care of the money, and has proper accounts kept how it is laid out. I forgot to tell you, that if a member dies, and that there are thirty pounds on hands, the widow and children get five pounds to pay the expences of burying; but if there is not so much money on hands, they get two guineas and a half.

Thady. That is very good, indeed. Now tell me about the grand feast.

Martin. Indeed it was a great sight, Charly said, and he almost conceited he was on the Curragh of Kildare; fifteen or sixteen carriages full of fine ladies, and sights of great gentlemen, and comfortable farmers on horseback, that the place looked for all the world like a raceground. There they saw all kinds of things in the farming line, different machines and many sorts of cattle. Mr. Curwin's house was hard by, and he had forty beds for strangers there, besides seventy more beds he hired for his company in

other houses, and all the inns at Workington full too. And one day there was such a dinner, that Charly said one would wonder how all the country could provide so much meat. From one end of one of his farm yards to the other, there was a tent set up, and in that tent tables, and at them sat down above six hundred persons, from the master himself, and the lords, and all the great clergymen and gentlemen that were at his house, to the farmer who lived upon a few acres of land. And the ladies came in, between sixty and seventy of them, and walked round the tables, and a most beautiful sight it was.

Thady. Did not the ladies sit down with them?

Martin. O no, they went to the hall to dine with the lady there.

Thady. How did Charly know so much about the doings of the quality?

Martin. Sure you know Charly, and that he was always mighty fond of seeing

and knowing every thing that he could. I don't know how he managed, but he got into the tent, may be to wait on the company. Then there were prizes given in the evening, for the best cattle, the best corn, and all such things ; and Mr. Curwin made a wonderful fine speech to the company, and gave such advice as was answerable to rich and poor, and in such a kind, good-natured manner, as if he was not giving advice at all ; and told them how the business of that Agricultural Society, it was that he called it, went on ; and surely every one was glad of coming to that meeting, and long'd for next year to see the same again. And now that is something like a way for a rich man to spend his money. He can lie down to sleep with an easy mind, and when he goes out in the morning, every face he meets looks glad at seeing him ; and when he walks on, many an eye looks after him, and many a blessing follows him. And when he is going to die, and to leave all his riches behind

him, the thought of what a good use he made of them will be more comfort to him then, than any thing they could gain for him in this world.

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DIALOGUE XVI.

FILIAL LOVE.

Thady, Martin.

Thady. What bundle is that you are carrying?

Martin. Some frize and some coating I bought at Miss Neale's shop.

Thady. You intend to be warm this winter, I suppose.

Martin. I intend my father and mother shall be warm this winter, if I can.

Thady. You all earn a good deal, to be able to lay out so much at once; for I know Miss Neale gives no score, and yet she gets the best call in the country.

Martin. If she gave score, I would not take it. I never will go in debt ; my father always kept clear of that, and so he has an easy mind, poor as he is.

Thady. But the times are very hard, and how they could scrape up this money to buy those things, I wonder at.

Martin. Do you remember my quicks long ago, that were a year buried ?

Thady. Your quicks ! I forgot them indeed—but now I remember that I thought you a fool for your pains.

Martin. Beside breasting all our own ditches, I have sold what bought my father a coat, and my mother a cloak.

Thady. And nothing for yourself !

Martin. Nothing at all—when I want it I'll get it, I hope.

Thady. Oh, it's I would have the fine Sunday coat, if I had quicks to sell ; and happy would be the girl that I'd dance with me ! Your Sunday-coat is not fit to be seen, you have it so long—but you never

go to the dance, so no matter what you wear.

Martin. I think it is no matter what I wear, and my mother thinks so too, so my clothes are whole and clean ; and she brushes my Sunday-coat for me, and keeps it in the chest, and I think it is very decent ; and I had rather walk with my father and mother, and the children, and my mother's gossip, Nanny, with her daughter Mary, than go to any dance at all.

Thady. O!—no blame to you to like to walk with Mary Doyle ; she is a very pretty girl ; but if I was you, I'd walk with her by our two selves, and leave the old people together.

Martin. Mary is pretty, but she is better than pretty ; and she is a sensible, reserved girl ; and you'd never see her taking a walk with a young man by their two selves ; and I am sure I would not be the one to ask her to do so, and I like her the better for being discreet.

DIALOGUE XVII.

SWEARING AND LYING.

Thady, Martin.

Thady. Now, Martin, do you think I had any say in the cutting down of Mr. Drummond's tree.

Martin. Indeed, I'd be very sorry to think so bad of any one, without having a good reason for it, and sure I have no reason in life for thinking you did the like.

Thady. Nor no one else either. But the steward faced me down that I did it; and he gave me a very indifferent character to his master, and said I kept such bad company, that I could not but fall in-

to their ways; and as to my denying it, he thought nothing of that, because I always made use of such bad words, that neither a lie nor an oath would stick in my throat. Now, as to telling a white lie, or cursing an oath, if I was either angry or overjoyed, or had a mind to make fun, it's what I don't deny; but I have no more harm in it, than those that speak more exact.

Martin. You know you were often checked for not minding your words, and I have heard your father tell you that bad words are signs of being in bad company. I know it was all a fashion you got when you were small, but what good did it ever do you? and now you see it does you harm; for people that have an oath out at every turn, won't be believed if they speak ever so positive. And as for the white lie, you know a lie is a lie any time; and people will think that those that tell lies for diversion, will be evry

ready with them when it serves their turn, or to save themselves from anger.

Thady. There's something in what you say ; but it is very hard to break one's self of any fashion at all, let alone a few words ; among my comrades you would not be heard saying a word if you did not rap out an oath, for they are talking so loud, and holding such arguments, that a quiet word would not be noticed.

Martin. Ah, Thady, all the fashions you have that are not good, come out of keeping company, and giving yourself too much liberty. I don't think you ever cut down that tree ; but I wish your comrades may never coax you to do the like ; and many a time my heart aches to think the danger you are in ; and when I hear of such great oaths and such curses coming out of your mouth, I can't tell you how I feel, nor I don't know where I'm standing, I'm so ashamed and sorry for you.

Thady. I'm sure you are sorry for me, and that you wish me well, and that

makes me tell you every thing, for you never upbraid me, nor bring up old things against me, like some of them that are more like myself; and you see I never think of an oath or a curse when I'm talking with you, because I never hear the like from you.

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DIALOGUE XVIII.

PROCRASTINATION.

Thady, Martin.

Thady. I'm an unlucky fellow, for I was within the turning of a handspike of getting a fine job from Mr. Lawler.

Martin. What was that?

Thady. No less than to mow his big meadow for five shillings an acre, and three good meals a day.

Martin. Great hire, indeed! You were always counted a good mower. How did you miss it?

Thady. By delaying a few days. Any how, he'll find it his own loss not to

have waited for me, for he has got but a very middling mower to cut down his fine meadow for him.

Martin. That's a great pity—for I never saw a heavier meadow ; and sure enough I walked past it last Sunday week, and noticed that it was full ripe for the scythe.—What delay'd you, Thady ?

Thady. In the first place, when I saw the meadow was so ripe, and that Mr. Lawler was so eager to get me to cut it, I delayed a little to see would he offer me more.

Martin. More ! Is it joking you are, Thady, to expect more than five shillings an acre, and diet ? and you know that Mr. Lawler is a good warrant to offer a man the full value of his labour.

Thady. Sure enough ; but when he was in distress, I thought he would be brought to offer any thing. Indeed, he waited for a couple or three days to see would I come, but still offered me no more ; so I agreed to do it : then I wait-

ed a couple of days,—indeed I can't tell you what I was doing; but the morning I was laid out for good and all to go, I takes down my scythe, and the never a bit but it was ready to fall in pieces since last season, for I put off getting it mended then, till it went out of my head entirely: So that was Thursday morning. Then I delay'd bringing the scythe to be mended till the coming evening, and I was going out of the door with it, when I met Larry Connor and Kit Dooley, and they asked me to take a bit of a walk with them. I hung up my scythe, and thought I'd be home time enough, but I was not, nor didn't get it done till late a Friday, and then a Saturday it was not worth while to go about such a great job. A Sunday I stepped over to look at the meadow, and who should I see, with his hat off, talking to Mr. Lawler, but Bartle Fegan, and I mistrusted they were agreeing about the meadow; and against I was up a Monday morning, there was a

couple of perches mowed. I scorned to say a word more about it, but I think Mr. Lawler is sorry by this time.

Martin. Indeed, Thady, I don't know why he should be sorry, for Bartle Fegan is not a bad mower, though not a match for you; and if wet weather was to come, or the crop to be over-ripe, the best mower in the country could not save it. I wish, Thady, you would take my father's advice, not to be putting off till to-morrow what might be done to-day, and I am sure it is your own father's advice too.

Thady. It was my father that was angry with me in earnest, and did not go about the bush to tell me that I never would do any good; and he said, more than that, that I put off minding my soul from day to day too, and of delaying to do any thing but what my bad advisers put me up to. I know I'm so often hearing that I'll never come to good, that I believe it is my luck.

Martin. Ah, Thady, don't get that in your head. Sure you can't blame any one but yourself for this thing about the meadow, and it is so with many another thing, if you look into it. So, take my advice—don't wait till to-morrow to do your duty, but begin this very minute; run, and help your poor father with his handful of oats.

Thady. He is too sulky to help.

Martin. For shame, Thady! I could say a great deal to you about that too, only I am to be at Mr. Palmer's with the rent against ten o'clock; and as I have no watch, I had best make sure to be there a little before hand.

Thady. It's myself that would not be in such a hurry to pay my rent.

DIALOGUE XIX.

PASSION.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. I am glad to see you come home at last. By all accounts, you had a very narrow escape of your life.

Thady. If Darby Donoghoe had slipped off, the law would have given against me, but there was no fear of me if he lived.

Martin. Indeed, Thady, there was; for they say his people would have had your life if they could have got hold of you, they were so angry entirely, and so grieved to the heart to see the father of

seven children all as one as dead in one minute ;—and he always so quiet a man.

Thady. When I saw him fall down, and that his face was as white as a cloth, and he not stirring hand or foot, I was ready to kill myself ; for the thoughts of his wife and children, and of his own quietness, came across me in a minute, and left me no more anger than a child ; and you know yourself, whenever I am in a passion, it is soon over with me. I can't keep spite to any one.

Martin. I know you don't keep anger long, but a great deal of mischief might be done with one blow, or even with one word ; and another thing I remark, that people who don't keep anger long, go into a passion at every hand's turn, so that one might almost as well be dealing with a sulky person, aye better, when we think of the terrible things a strong man can do when he is in a rage. I heard of a man that killed his child in passion, and many a man kills his wife.

I could not tell you all the shocking things of that sort I have both read and heard of.

Thady. But what can a man do? Sure I could as well quiet the raging sea, as rule myself when I'm vexed. I wish I was not born so passionate.

Martin. Sure you did not knock down Mr. Drummond when he charged you with stealing his tree, though you knew you were innocent, nor when he said you were a swearing liar, though that was a great deal harder of Mr. Drummond, than it was of Darby to check you for speaking as you did to your old father.

Thady. Darby had no right to check me; could not he never heed our affairs?

Martin. Mr. Drummond had a great deal less right to say you stole his timber when you did not; but you thought it was the best of your play not to knock a man down that you might be the better of, if you swallowed all he might please to

say, or that would have you punished if you ill-used him.—Depend upon it, Thady, that we can govern our passions if we mind ourselves ; but the oftener we are angry, the harder it is to keep from it.

DIALOGUE XX.

PUNCTUALITY.

Thady, Martin.

Thady. Why, I wonder you give yourself no rest at all, Sure that ladder won't run away while you eat your dinner.

Martin. I know it won't, but it's a borrowed ladder, and I promised Owen Carty to bring it home in two hours; so you see I have no time to lose.

Thady. You're mighty exact! Sure Owen is not such a fool as to think you'd bring it home to the very minute, or the very day either.

Martin. He does so expect it; for, says he, (and he bringing it to me),—“Martin,” says he, “as it’s you, I’ll lend it, and welcome, because I know you’ll not keep it over the time you say, and you won’t abuse it, for it’s a good new ladder, and cost me a great deal of money.” And then he drew down about his old ladder, that he lost for good and all by lending, for the people never sent it home when they promised, till it went out of his mind at last who had it.

Thady. Sure enough, Owen is an exact man; for if I was to go down on my bare knees to him, he would not lend me his scythe the time my own was broke; and by way of an excuse for being so un-neighbourly, he ripped up to me how I kept his crow-bar ten times as long as I said I would. It’s a pity such a churl should have such plenty of things.

Martin. I never found Owen a churl; and if people don’t take care of their own little things, who would take care of them?

Thady. Many's the thing I lost by lending, and would still, but my father and mother put them out of my way ; and they say, that to lose a sack, or a basket, or a shovel, or any of their things, is a great thing to them ; but I like to be agreeable, and to have the good will of the neighbours.

Martin. You will have as much good will if you take care of your father's sack and baskets ; sure when they are gone, the good will goes too, that is, if it is by lending you get it.

Thady. Well, I wonder that Owen could have the heart to refuse me his scythe.

Martin. The burnt child dreads the fire, you know ; and Owen knows, by the loss of his fine long ladder, what it is to trust to people that forget their promises.

DIALOGUE XXI.

INDEPENDENCE.

Thady, Martin.

Thady. I wonder you are not afraid to refuse to go gardener to the Squire.

Martin. What could I be afraid of? Sure I refused him very civilly.

Thady. I'd be afraid of my life to offend the quality.

Martin. I would not wish to offend them either, and if it answered me, I would be very glad to go gardener to the Squire. I did not refuse him all at once, nor till I mentioned it to my father; and

when we talked it over, and put things together, we thought it would answer us better for me to stay at home.

Thady. Well, answer, or no answer, I'd be always for serving the quality ; and it's what I was brought up to. Sure my aunt, Molly O'Flaherty, would never have let her Kitty go to service, only for fear there might be any grudge against her, if she hindered her from going, when the lady took a liking to her ; and sorry enough my aunt was after, when she saw what a kitchen was in it, and what sort of servants ; but she said nothing for fear of giving offence.

Martin. What signifies giving offence, compared to running any chances about one's child ?

Thady. It signifies a great deal with some people. It's a good thing to keep the landlord quiet, when one owes money to him ; humouring a gentleman in any little notion that comes in his head, often answers very well.

Martin. But a man that pays his rent up to the day, or has it ready when it is called for, need have no fear of that sort.

Thady. There's many a thing besides the rent that a gentleman might go to crossness about.

Martin. I know there is, Thady ; and for that reason we ought to behave ourselves, and then we need not stand bowing and scraping, (more than what is becoming), to any one.

Thady. Oh, you have a great spirit, indeed ! I thought you approved of people looking up to their betters.

Martin. So I do, Thady, and I look up to them, and respect them ; and if I was in their service, I'd do my endeavour for them, both before their faces and behind their backs, may be, as well as they that would hurt their families to humour them. I'll never forget all my father said to me about honest independence.

Thady. I never thought before that you were so proud.

Martin. I hope I am not proud ; but a poor man may have a good spirit ; and I believe that's what my mother means, when she bids us have decent pride.

DIALOGUE XXII.

CALCULATION.

Thady, Martin.

Thady. Calculate! calculate! Why, if I was to turn my brains calculating, I could not stretch a penny farther than it would go.

Martin. Was it not yourself I heard say, that the money slipped from you, you did not know how, though you said many a time, when you had it, you did not want it?

Thady. Well, how would calculating better one, for all that.

Martin. Why, when you are going to lay out a penny, you ought to consider, whether that is the best way you could lay it out; and when you have a little money together, you might reckon how much would buy one thing, and how much to buy another; and if it won't stretch on every thing you want, you can only buy what's most wanting.

Thady. It's seldom I have much of my earnings together; and if I had a little, and went into a shop, and saw a thing I fancied, suppose a genteel stripe for a waistcoat, or a silk handkerchief for a taking colour, I could not stand pausing on this or that, but out with the money before you could look about you.

Martin. Well, Thady, I can't say that is the best way of managing one's little earnings; but there is a worse way too; however, I won't be always talking to you about the drink, nor about gaming.

Thady. You never were the one to be always hitting up the one thing to me; and

for the same reason, I mind what you say more than another.

Martin. Then since you say you mind what I say, I'll tell you another good in calculating; for it is not only in figures and reckoning money it is good; but we ought to consider, whether what we are doing, will be better or worse for us; whether it would be better for us to do a thing, or go to a place, to-day or to-morrow, or at all.

Thady. O, I could not be so exact entirely as all that. Any how, it will be all one in a hundred years time.

Martin. That's not my opinion; for it must be well for us in an hundred years, and a thousand years hence, if we have done as well as we could in this world, about little things, as well as great ones.



DIALOGUE XXIII.

POTATOES.

Mr. Seymour and Barney Nowlan.

Mr. Seymour. Barney, my good fellow, I am sorry to see you look so dull. You have a cheerful countenance generally.—I hope nothing is the matter with your family.

Barney. They are all well, I thank your honour.

Mr. Seymour. Then, if they are all well, you should be thankful, especially if you are well yourself, and able to work for them, as you seem to be.

Barney. Ah, Sir, there is other trouble beside sickness, might come upon a poor family.

Mr. Seymour I know there is worse trouble than sickness, or even death, that might come on families, whether poor or rich, and destroy their comfort; but I believe a well-brought up family, such as yours, will never bring disgrace upon you.

Barney. Oh no, thanks be to the Lord one of my family, big or little, never brought a blush in my face yet, and I hope never will; so I will keep up my heart, though my potatoes have turned out so badly this year.

Mr. Seymour. Your potatoes turned out badly! I am sorry to hear it. How came that?

Barney. Why, I am sure it came of getting bad seed.

Mr. Seymour. And why were not you a better judge of the seed?

Barney. The potatoes were a fine kind, and looked as if they would turn out very well. But I heard since, they were from a crop that was planted late the season before. My potatoes have turned out mostly curled; they will be hardly sufficient to pay the rent, after my spending so much upon them, thinking I would be out of hardship next year. I begged hard to get a bit of potatoe ground, and paid at the rate of twelve pounds an acre for it; the seed potatoes cost me six-pence a stone, and I paid men sixteen pence a-day and diet, to help me to plant them; and now, after all, to be disappointed in them gives me a great damp.

Mr. Seymour. I need not tell you that you will be very particular, in future, to be sure that your seed is from an early crop, and thus you will have learned by experience, and never suffer in this way again. I suppose you take care to plant your own potatoes in April, or, at any rate,

to have them finished the first week in May.

Barney. I never planted so early as that, because I think there is more of them in the ground when one plants about the middle or end of May.

Mr. Seymour. You may perceive your potatoes are not so good.

Barney. They do not always turn out so well for eating, but for pigs; and I thought they would do for seed, till you made me sensible just now that I was wrong in that, and my bad crop has made me sensible of it too.

Mr. Seymour. Potatoes, to be good for eating, or in fact, good for any thing, should be planted early. You see how unfit late potatoes are for seed, and pigs like good potatoes as well as ourselves, and will fatten better on them; and though there may be more in quantity with late sowing, the early sowing is better in quality; and there is less waste and better food.—So do mind that hereafter.

And also mind, when you are choosing seed, take the best looking potatoes, cut off the top, where there will generally be four, five, or six eyes ; make cuts of this top, according to the eyes, leaving one eye and no more to every cut. Let the rest of the potatoe be laid by for use in the house ; the cut part will heat, and the potatoe will keep.

Barney. I have heard of scooping the eyes out of potatoes before they are washed for boiling.

Mr. Seymour. It has answered remarkably well ; but then the potatoes which are scooped must be used immediately, or else they will be good for little, because the air getting in at so many places, will make them sooner unfit for use. Therefore I prefer cutting off the top, as I said before.

Barney. And, Sir, would you think well of my planting in drills or ridges ? They say the potatoes in drills are apt to get wet.

Mr. Seymour. Plant in drills by all means, suppose you hire a plough. If you plant early, never fear that your potatoes will be wet. It is the late planted potatoes that are generally wet.

Barney. But it is a great chance that I could get a plough to hire.

Mr. Seymour. If you can't get a plough, drill them with your spade, or make very narrow ridges, that the wet may run off from them, and the sun get at them better than with the broad ridges, which are very justly called lazy beds.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

HOSPITAL.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. I'm very proud to see you walking about again, Thady; you ought to take great care of yourself, for you look very pale and thin.

Thady. Oh, Martin, honey, I gave myself up for good and all, while I had any sense, and sorry I was for all my sins; and many a thing seemed to me to be a sin then, that I thought little about at other times. I was two and twenty days before I got ease; and then what should I see, when I was able to take no-

tire of any thing, but poor Judy and Pat down!

Martin. How are they, Thady?

Thady. Very indifferent, indeed. Myself does not know whether they'll get over it or no.

Martin. Are they too bad to send to the hospital?

Thady. To the hospital! I'd be sorry to bury the creatures alive, and so would my mother. Not but what my father mentioned it, but when he saw that the very thoughts of it set us mad, he said no more.

Martin. Well, I wonder why you are so frightened at the thoughts of an hospital.—Sure, of all the good things the quality invent for us, there's nothing does more good than hospitals.

Thady. I always heard such stories of them, that I would not for the world go into one of them; and did not I see Mat. Cedy with my own eyes, after he came

from Dublin, a poor skeleton, and he said they gave him the worst of usage.

Martin. You would be in the right of it not to go where you are sure they would use you badly. But I wonder how that could happen; for the gentlemen that mind those hospitals, sure, would see that justice was done to the poor sick creatures. And I have often heard say, that Dublin is the most charitable place in all the world; the grand people always making collections for one distressed body or another. And there's the Fever Hospital, no one can fault that, I'm sure.

Thady. O, that hospital is greatly praised indeed; if we had the luck to be near it.

Martin. Well, but you are near Kilkullen, and sure that is much such another.

Thady. Aye, so my father says, and so I heard many a one say, but I never

mind him, for I was turned against hospitals quite and clear.

Martin. I can tell you then of little Peggy Leigh and her sister, and Jack Byrne, and Mary Byrne, and Kitty Brady, and Jenny Poor, and a great many more that came from Kilcullen, and gave such an account of it, as made the very tears come in my eyes; to think how Mr. Burrows leans over the poor creatures in their beds, and gives them drinks, and anoints their dry lips, and humours them in their romances, and comforts them when they are low-spirited.—Sure a rich young man never could do the like, if the Almighty did not put it into his head; and signs on it, there is a blessing on it all; and many a poor body's prayer will be for him when he's on a sick bed.

Thady. He must be a good man; I wish I had the luck to have gone there, and may be poor Judy and Pat might not have taken the sickness. Do you know are there many of them in that hospital?

Martin. A great many :—I'm sure it costs a power of money. Poor people ought to be very thankful, that the quality are so good as to keep up such places for us.

Thady. What signifies what you or I would call a power of money, to the quality? They have so much; they don't know what to do with it.

Martin. Indeed, Thady, that is foolish talk. Look about you, and see the grand houses, and beautiful gardens, that they have, and don't you think it takes a great deal of money to keep them up? and how many people are made the better by working at them; and then the company that come to see the quality, and the journeys they take to see them again; besides, the horses, and the carriages, and all the other things that they want, that we have no notion of, run away with a sight of money. So that I say we ought to be

greatly obliged to them, for all they do for us, and for considering us so, about things, that one would think no one but poor people could know any thing about.

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DIALOGUE XXV.

TILLAGE.

Barney, Mr. Seymour.

Barney. I beg your Honour's pardon for troubling you, but I got so much good by doing as you bid me, about my potatoe seed, and planting them early, that I make bold to ask your advice about a bit of land I have a notion of taking, because it's convenient to my cabin.

Mr. Seymour. You may be sure I will be as well pleased to give you advice in any thing I can, as you will be to ask it :

therefore, you are welcome to apply to me at any time.

Barney. I am entirely obliged to your Honour. Gentlemen have no notion what good they might do to poor people, by considering for them, and advising them ; for, gentlemen have such opportunities of seeing how work is done in different places, and of reading in books about the nature of land, and corn, and cattle, that when they give their mind to the like, and live among their tenants, and put them on good methods, they are a blessing to their country.

Mr. Seymour. How much land are you intending to take, and what is the rent to be ?

Barney. Six acres, at fifty shillings an acre. Now the rent of that will be fifteen pounds, besides tithe and taxes, and I wish to know the best way of managing it : Now I know no one can put me in a better way of doing that than your Honour.

Mr. Seymour. What is the land occupied with at present ?

Barney. Three acres were under oats, last year ; the rest is grass land, and pretty good.

Mr. Seymour. At present, I recommend it to you, to till the oat stubble for potatoes, as far as the manure will go, suppose about an acre and a half, and fallow the other acre and a half for wheat, to be sowed when you are sowing the potatoe ground, after the potatoes are dug out. Break up the other three acres, and sow oats in them ; and then, for the next year, you may have an acre and a half of potatoes, and the other acre and a half for oats again ; it will bring the two crops running very well ; and often the second crop is the best ; and then in a year or two you can get into my way of managing land, which I always found to answer best.

Barney. Would it be too troublesome, Sir, to tell me your way ?

Mr. Seymour. Not at all. Plant your potatoes in ground well cleaned from weeds, which should never be neglected ;

for the dung will go farther, and the substance of it, and of the land, will go to the crop, and not to support the weeds ; and there will be less trouble all the summer in keeping the crop in order. You know now the advantage of planting your potatoes early. They can be dug out early, and wheat put in your ground, if it answers for wheat ; if not, barley or bere is a profitable crop : then in spring, by sowing clover and rye-grass among the green wheat, there will be a crop laid in store for the next year, either to cut for soil or hay. The ground is occupied, and kept clean, and the next spring after that again, by a single ploughing of the clover-lay, and harrowing it well, it will bring a good crop of oats ; thus there will be four good crops from one dunging, provided the land is well tilled and cleaned at first. By going over your land in this manner, you have it all employed every year, without having any of it idle under fallow. You have your acre and a half of

potatoes, an acre and a half of wheat, an acre and a half of clover and rye-grass, and an acre and a half of oats; and that is your six acres.

Barney. I am sure and certain that is the very best plan to go on about land. —I wish I may be able to get the dung for it.

Mr. Seymour. At the beginning you may not find it easy, but when you have your own straw, I hope you won't be at a loss. If you can draw bog stuff in summer, when there is not so much to do, you will find it an advantage; you spread it where your cow can trample it, and in your pig-yard, and then, when it is turned and mixed with whatever dung you can collect about the place, and all thrown up loosely together, it becomes fine manure for potatoes, and should not be trampled after.

Barney. I am ashamed to keep your Honour so long listening to me, but I thought I would ask you whether I had

best buy a horse or a bullock for my work; for some say one thing and some another.

Mr. Seymour. My advice to you, Barney, is to get a bullock. The price of a horse will run away with a great part of your savings; the keeping of a horse, too, is very expensive, and you may see that many of your neighbours' horses have died, by being overworked, and badly fed. A bullock is very tractable; he is purchased and maintained at much less expence than a horse; he pulls to his strength, without flinching; and you know horses are sometimes apt to stop in the draught. A horse wants a great deal more attendance than a bullock, and if he meets with an accident, or falls lame, you lose him for a long time, may be for altogether. But should such mischance happen to a bullock, you can sell him to be fattened, most likely for more than you pay for another in his stead. Shoe your bullock, and he can then draw on the road, and his shoes will not cost near

so much as a horse's shoes. I need not advise you to increase your dung-hill by every means in your power, for I see you take care to do that; and to keep your pig in a sty; and that sty often cleaned out, is no small addition. In autumn I see your children busy sweeping up the leaves, and carrying them towards your dung heap, though the heap does not appear in sight.

Barney. My Winnie and her girls throw the sweepings and cleaning of the house, and the suds after washing, constantly on that heap.

Mr. Seymour. Your constant attention to avoid waste, and turn every thing to account, has enabled you to make that heap valuable; and I congratulate you, from my heart, on your becoming a small farmer, hoping I may live to see you a large one—How do you keep your cow?

Barney. I pay three shillings a week for her grazing in good grass, and I take a bit of meadow land, and make a little hay to winter her.

Mr. Seymour. In England and Scotland the cows are often kept in the house, and fed in the summer on green food, clover, vetches, or soil of any kind, and turned out once a day to the water. I would recommend you to try this practice ; you will have an advantage in the increase of manure. Your cow will be kept from the heat of the sun ; and after calving, in summer, milk her, during the hot weather, three times a day ; you will obtain more milk, and it will be a relief to the cow. In winter, let her out occasionally to pick a bit of grass.

Barney. Please your Honour, I have heard of cows bursting themselves with the clover.

Mr. Seymour. When you give them but a little at a time, as free from wet as you can get it, and are careful not to let them eat their fill at first, till they become used to it, there is little danger ; but great caution must be observed, when they are first put on that food.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

CARELESSNESS.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. I'm sorry to see you, Thady, with a black eye this morning. How did you get it?

Thady. Fighting with Terry Sullivan about a couple of tenpennies. I went to the fair of Ardscull, to sell my father's pig.—I'd take my oath that I got two pounds three and four pence for her. I had a hole in my pocket, and was shy of carrying home the money in it; so I gave it to Terry, as he stood hard by me.—Terry

says I only gave him two pounds one and eight pence, and the never a bit of him would give a farthing more; and he has the face to tell me he never opened the rag it was tied up in.

Martin. To be sure you reckoned it to him.

Thady. No, indeed; I'm none of your terrible exact sort of people. I'd never like to see money reckoned between friends.

Martin. I'm not so, then.—They say one ought to reckon money, and make an exact bargain with one's own brother. And I'm sure it's the only way to keep friends in money-matters. But how came you to fight?

Thady. Nothing in the earthly world, only that I told him he cheated me, and with that he struck me;—then I ups with my shillelagh, and if his eye is not black, I'll be bound his body and limbs are both black and blue.

Martin. It was very hard of you to lay roguery upon the boy, when you did not reckon the money to him.

Thady. No, nor I did not reckon it from the gentleman that I sold the pig to, though he wanted to lay it all out before me; but I scorned such exactness, and I gathered it all up, and tied it in a rag my mother gave me as I was coming out; and I never saw a penny of it from that present time, till Terry brought it home to me, two tenpennies short.

Martin. Well, Thady, if you'll be said by me, you'll always count the money to, and from, every one you have dealing with.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

RECOVERY.

Barney Nowlan, and his wife Winny.

Barney. How is my poor Martin now ?

Winny. Speak easy, he's asleep still ; and Dr. Frankland was here just now, and felt his pulse, and says that the fever has left him, and that he's in no danger, if we take care to keep every thing quiet about him, and let in a little air, but not much light ; and give him cool, weak things to take, a little at a time, and often.

Barney. O, thanks be to our heavenly Saviour, we are going to have our child again. Lord forgive me, but I am afraid I could not have given him up.

Winny. O you could, and did, I believe ; for you kept so quiet, and spoke so mild to every one, though it was but little you spoke ; and I used to hear you in the night, praying for patience, and that your grief might not be a sin.

Barney. O Winny, I never was so much obliged to you in all my life, as when you sent Tommy to tell me that Martin had got a change, and was in a fine sleep, for it was with a heavy heart I left you this morning ; and I thought I could hardly handle the spade, I felt so weak ; but after Tommy had been with me, my heart was so raised, that I felt able to do two days' work. Now if I had not that good news, how could I ever have struggled through the long forenoon, till dinner-time ? O ! I thought when I was walking off to the field this morning,

what heart it would give me to be working at home, and asking how Martin was, and hearing of every change. That was silly, I knew, for it is fitter for me to be earning; but when one's in trouble, one has not right wit. But now, thanks be to the Lord, and to Dr. Frankland, and to your good care, now we have our child again.

Winny. And thanks to yourself, Barney, that made the window in the back of the room, as soon as I asked you to do it; because the ladies that called to look at our cabin, and were pleased to say so much about it's being clean, told me to get that window, because thorough air was so useful in a room; and the doctor said that the air coming through, and the windows both set open, was a great matter in sickness, and to hinder sickness from spreading. And sure, was it not well that you got it done just in time, as if you knew what was to happen? but that was always your way, as you often

tell the children, "Never put off till to-morrow, what can be done to-day." Now if that had not been done, and any thing had happened poor Martin, we would never have forgiven ourselves, but thought that window would have saved his life.

Barney. Well, I wonder your gossip Nanny Doyle or her little girl don't come to ask how my poor boy is.

Winny. Ah, it was they that asked often, and would ask every hour in the day, only for fear of being remarked.

Barney. Why should they be remarked more than other people; sure all the neighbours love poor Martin.

Winny. Why, I did think it a little particular, how shy Mary used to look, when she'd come, and not often she came; but her mother did, and was in great trouble for my poor boy; and because I thought he had a liking for Mary, I wondered she could be so ungrateful, as not to show more trouble; and then again, I thought she must be sick herself,

she looked so miserable bad. But now I guess how it is,

Barney. Well, Winny, how is it?

Winny. Why, just as the doctor raised my heart this morning about Martin, and after I had sent Tommy with the lucky news to you, who should come in, but Nanny Doyle? and just as she was putting her foot inside the room, Martin asked for a drink from Tubberasagh well; so I asked Nanny to stay till I run for it; and as I was going by Nanny's, I saw poor Mary at the cabin window, as if she was watching for her mother, and she looked dull and pale, and I thought in my mind "Mary will be glad to hear my child is better;" so I just stepped in, and she gave such a start, and looked so frightened! and when I told her the good news, my dear, her face grew as red as fire, and swelled up like, and her under lip trembled when she strove to speak.—Ho, ho, thinks I, I know what all this means; for I had been just after crying for joy myself; so I

whipt out again with my jug, and did not let on to mind;—but I think that was more than neighbourly regard,—but don't for your life let on. No wonder, for Martin's a clean, likely boy, as one could see on a summer's day; but Mary's discreet, and would keep her mind to herself, and so is Martin: however, I am sure he has a great leaning to her; for even when he was romancing in the fever, it was her he talked of, more than about any thing else.

Barney. There's not a girl in the country I'd rather have to come in upon our floor, than Mary Doyle. I am sure she earns a good deal at her needle, and at her wheel; but no flaunting or dressing, though she's always whole and clean, and keeps her poor mother comfortable, and you tell me she gets nourishing things for her when she is sick; for I suppose she is often weakly, and can do but little now; but she reared her child well, and now she has the good of it.

Winny. I am sure Martin can get Mr.

Hickey's daughter, of the Cow-park, and fifty pounds with her ; but I'd rather he'd marry Mary Doyle in her shift. Aye, and it would be a better match ; for often when a girl brings a fortune, she must live up to it, and so makes her husband poor, instead of rich ; and it's better to have a fortune in a wife, than with a wife. So, when Martin builds the cabin that he has been laying out to do, with the price of the sallows he sold to the Coopers and Basket-makers, and the quicks that Mr. Finn got, and the cabbage plants he brought to the market ; why then, when he builds the cabin, and makes it fit for a decent young womau, let him try to get Mary into it.

Barney. Don't ask him to wait for that. Sure Mary will be welcome to us, and well worth her bit among us. And you are so good and so cordial, Winny, and so quiet in yourself, that there's no danger of your falling out with her.

Winny. Falling out ! Lord forbid ! But

people that never lived in one house together, can't know one another's ways. And, without thinking that any thing was the matter, they might grow a little strange, and never be so comfortable in their minds to one another again. So it is my mind, that a young woman should go into her own house at once, and begin her own business. And I think that is what Mary and her mother would like too.

Barney. Well, take your own way, and I hope you'll live the longer; and indeed, your own way has always been so good, Winny, it is a pity you should not have it.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

CONFESSION.

Mary Doyle and her Mother Nanny.

Mary. Mother, honey, if you will do one thing for me, I'll be for ever obliged to you.

Nanny. My dear child, I'll do twenty things for you; but tell me what you want me to do now.

Mary. It is—it is, mother, to give Simon Lyons his answer.

Nanny. What answer, Mary, shall I give him?

Mary. Oh, mother, to beg of him to

put me out of his head entirely, for I never can think of being his wife.

Nanny. Why, Mary, it is not long since he asked you, and you had hardly time to consider of it yet. Don't be in a hurry. It was a great thing for Simon, a snug farmer's son, to think of a poor girl like you ; and what I thought more of, that not one of his people said against it. Now I remember, when Billy Maker, the carpenter, was courting my fellow-servant, Dolly Carraghill, his people were mad ; aye, when they were before the priest, they said against a tradesman marrying a poor servant, and then Dolly was greatly to be pitied ; but Billy was steady, and he never repented it ; but to this day, will brag what a good wife he got. Now, it is not the good settlement Simon has for you that I look to, but he is a sober boy, no company-keeper, or buffer, or half-gentleman ; but one that you could spend your life comfortably with. But, Mary, my dear, don't cry ; I'll ne-

ver press you to any thing you don't like, and above all, to marry, because it is yourself must bear that. I only want you to consider it well in your mind ; for you know, I'd wish to see you well settled before I leave you ; and I'm but weakly, and cannot hold long. Now don't cry, I tell you again. I am better this year back than I used to be.

Mary. Mother, I strove to like Simon, because I believe he is all you say, and because he seemed fond of you ; and I thought, if I was married to him, I could make you comfortable in your old age ; but now I can't, indeed, indeed, mother, I can't marry Simon Lyons, if he was as good as the priest, or as Mr. Seymour, and if he was hung with diamonds.

Nanny. Why, what's the matter now, Mary ? Sit still and keep yourself quiet a little ; then tell me what you mean. You never were a good warrant to hide any thing from your mother.

Mary. O mother, you'll think me a fool ; and I am a fool sure enough. You know Biddy Nowlan and I were always comrades, and Martin used to play with us, and he made my little garden for me, and gave me things to put in it ; you know it was he planted this beech-hedge, when he planted his own, and always clipped one when he clipped the other, and the larch-trees, and the honeysuckle about the door, the way he has it at home, and came, whenever it wanted nailing, with his hammer and his bag of nails, and his bits of cloth ; and sure it was no harm for me to save bits for him when he was so civil. And being I had no brother or sister of my own, I loved Biddy as if she was my sister. I had a great regard for Martin too, and I am sure I never thought any thing more of him than that, though my heart never warmed to Simon Lyons, that is, to marry him ; but when I thought Martin would die in the fever—Oh mother, since that, it, would be a sin for me to think of Simon.

Nanny. Well, my child, you shan't think of Simon. I'll give him his answer. But I would not have you think of Martin either, for you are not sure that he thinks of you, or if he did, may be his people would not like it ; and I'll have no underhand doings.

Mary. Oh, thank you a thousand times for saying you'll give Simon his answer ; and tell him, at the same time, that I am very much obliged to him for his good opinion, and that I wish him a better wife. And never fear, there's no underhand doings between Martin and me, nor never will, I promise you ; and I don't think Martin has any notion of me, and sure I'll have none of him neither ; but I'll go about the patch-work quilt directly, to put all nonsense out of my head.

Nanny. Ah, my dear child, if I leave you unsettled, and if you are never married, who will take care of you when you are old ? You'll have no tender Mary to look after you.

Mary. Sure, mother, it's ten times better to live and die unmarried, than to get a bad husband, or a good one itself, if one don't love him as a wife ought. And a woman can live very happy single. There's the two Miss Neale's, how comfortable they are! And old Mrs. Carleton, where was there a woman so beloved and respected; and had not she always young people with her, that loved her as they loved their mother; and did not the niece she reared, almost go into a decay with the grief of her dying from her

Nanny. Ah, Mary, those people were all well to live in the world; but poor people don't always meet with such love from their relations.

Mary. Mother, you of all people have no right to say that. There's my cousin Anne, your god-daughter, that you took when her poor mother died, and reared her till she got a good place; she loves you almost as well as I do, and would work her fingers to the bone for

you, if you were trusting to it ; and I am not afraid, but rich and poor, that do their duty to others, will meet with those that will do their duty to them. But, mother, it's growing late ; had you not better go to Paddy Lyons's soon, before it's dark.



DIALOGUE XXIX.

DIETING.

Barney and his Son Martin.

Barney. Martin, Mr. O'Brien bid me lay down to you, that if you are willing to work with him all the year round, he will take you for a settled workman, at fifteen pence a-day, winter or summer, and harvest and spring work and all, without diet, or nine pence a-day and your diet.

Martin. Father, if you think well of it, I will hire with Mr. O'Brien; for

though I might earn a great deal more than fifteen pence a-day some weeks in harvest, yet the constant hire, winter and summer, is what I look to.

Barney. And the good diet is to be looked to besides.

Martin. Diet! Father, do you think I could have the heart to sit down to meat three days in the week, and to milk and butter and eggs three more days, and to remember that you don't taste meat above two or three times in a month. And, moreover, I had rather sit down with you and my mother, and my brother and sisters, to a dry potatoe and a grain of salt, and a drink of water after it, and have your company, and hear you talk, and see you smiling at me when I come in, than get the best of eating and drinking any where else. And sure you set me that example yourself; and I often heard you wonder at people, that were so eager to go where they got diet; and you remarked, that they would be apt to fall

into the way of not caring how their families lived at home ; and you love to see us all sitting round the table with you at our potatoes.

Barney. But, Martin, you were greatly pulled down with the sickness, and I think you want better nourishment than we could give you.

Martin. You know, father, I was reared on potatoes, stirabout and milk, and little of any thing else, and it agreed well with me ; and I grew big and strong, and you know sickness might come upon any one, and I am now quite well, and as able to work as ever ; and if I have not got all my flesh again, may be I won't be so, or may be I'm as well without it. The victuals I'm used to, I am sure is best for me ; other kind of eating might fill me with humours, and sure you could not think I'd take delight in what I'd get to eat ; but I do take delight in your company.

Barney. Ah, Martin! I see what you are at; you give all your earnings to us; you grudge putting it either on your back, or in your belly

Martin. Dear father, sure you'll gain nothing by my dieting at home; sure my diet is worth more than six pence; but it is, I gain the pleasure of your company.

Barney. Bless you, my good child! I am sure, I don't know how we could sit down to our bit without you; and I am glad you like best to diet at home. Oh, my poor neighbour Terry Maguire! How different he is from us, though he ought to be better in the world, for he has less charge, and he is sober and his wife notable; but that unfortunate boy Thady will break their hearts—never did any good in his life—was always idle, and would learn nothing; and now he is hired to be a gentleman's groom, takes state on himself, and hardly ever comes near his poor father and mother—never sends them a farthing

out of his good wages, but spends it on cards and bad company.

Martin. If Thady had been your son, I believe he would have been another sort of a boy. But don't you remember, when his mother stood out for wages for him when he was a little boy, and how she turned up her nose at the Sunday school, and sometimes gave him his own way in every thing, and more times would not give him his way in any thing ; and then his father, to mend that, was terrible strict on him ; and the father and mother arguing, and one petting, and the other whipping the children, though they were good kind of people, and the house was kept clean and regular, there was no comfort in it. So Thady took delight out of it, the worst thing a boy can do ; and from one thing he got on to another ; he began with pitch and toss, and now he bets at cock-fights. Oh, it's a boy in a hundred will like home, if there's scold-

ing and jangling in it, and it's a boy in
five hundred will turn out well, that don't
like home.

DIALOGUE XXX.

CRUELTY (INCONSIDERATE).

Martin and his Brother Johnny.

Martin. What diversion is it to you, Johnny, to kill these flies?

Johnny. Not much diversion, indeed; but I don't see any harm in killing a fly.

Martin. Why, then, Johnny, I tell you there is harm, and great harm, in killing or hurting any thing for diversion.

Johnny. I don't think of what I'm doing, when I'm killing flies.

Martin. Would you think it any harm to kill little birds ?

Johnny. I believe there's not much harm, so many boys kill them for sport.

Martin. What do you think of hanging a dog for sport ?

Johnny. I think very bad of it ; for it looks frightful, and makes a terrible noise.

Martin. The poor little merry flies and birds feel great pain too when they're killed, though they can't make such a noise, and though they have not the same look. Now tell me, Johnny, do you like cock-fighting and bull-baiting ?

Johnny. Indeed I don't, for it's very cruel ; and I wonder how either the gentlemen, or the like of us, can take pleasure out of it.

Martin. I know you are only thoughtless, and not hard-hearted ; but it's my opinion, that if people never killed birds or flies, hung dogs, or tormented bulls and cocks for diversion, that there would be no such thing as murder ; for it's wonder-

ful how cruel people grow by giving themselves the way of shedding blood.

Johnny. I am sure you are right; for last Easter I went along with a parcel of boys up the Scrubby Hill; and they began to rob birds' nests, and to throw stones at the old ones. At first I could not bear to see the poor things falling and dying; but before I came home, I began to throw at them myself; and I helped some of them to wring off the heads of the little birds. But I'm sorry to my heart for it ever since, when I think of it; and it was the night after that I lay awake crying, and I would not tell you what ailed me.

Martin. I hope you'll never do the like, the longest day you live, again. I won't tell my father and mother, to fret them; but if I thought you'd fall into such ways, I could not but tell them. Oh,

Johnny dear, never give into any thing that's bad, though it may look a little thing, for you don't know what it might bring you to, nor where you could stop.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

VANITY.

Hetty Flood and Mary Doyle.

Hetty. Well, Mary, you look very pretty here sitting at your wheel, under this fine oak tree. But how queerly you're dressed !

Mary. How, Hetty ; I hope I am neither dirty nor ragged.

Hetty. No, indeed, that's what no one ever saw you. But your linsey gown, your check apron, your plain cap, without a taste of lace on the border, and not a bit of a bow on the ribband ! I really

wonder, as pretty as you are, that you are so much admired. But you would be twice as much admired, if you would dress a little smarter on Sunday itself.

Mary. It would badly become me to dress smart, on Sunday, or any day.

Hetty. Law, sure you earn a power; you're always at work.

Mary. And what would support my poor mother and myself; and pay the rent of the cabin, and the price of seed potatoes, if I put all on my back?

Hetty. Sure you need not go to more cost than you do, and look genteeler, now that calicoes and muslins are so cheap; and you see I never wear a cap; so the price of that, and the bother of doing it up, is saved.

Mary. Calicoes and muslins are cheap enough; but what wear is there in them for a poor working girl? They are only fit for Sundays and holidays, and one will last a long time, not to hack it out. My

mother and I spun a piece of linsey two years ago, and that keeps us from going to the shops for gowns and petticoats ; and we spin our linen and our flannel, and our worsted for stockings. We lay out nothing for wearables, only for shoes, and caps, and handkerchiefs ; for my mother would not like I should go without a cap. She says it's copying after the quality, and I have no liking to go without it myself ; for except the hair be kept very nice entirely, and smooth, and all that, long hair don't look well.

Hetty. Now, you have fine shining hair, that curls of itself, and would look as well as if it was papered every night. I wish mine curled ; for it is a great bother for me to paper it, and to keep the curls in.

Mary. Aye, more than to make a cap, and do it up. Besides, a cap keeps one's hair from falling about one's ears, and being in the way of business. You can't put me out of conceit with my cap and my linsey gown.

Hetty. Nor you can't put me in concert with them, though indeed my pink calico is a show now after the harvest. Working out racks one's clothes; but then there's a deal of money coming in, in a slap.

Mary. Well, I think the wear and tear of your little clothes makes a great hole in your hire; and I believe it would be better for you to work within, in the house. In the main, you would earn more, and with more satisfaction.

Hetty. O, not with half the satisfaction. I'd see no life moping at home; but we are so merry in the field, and I bind after Thady Maguire; and you know what a genteel boy he is, and a hearty boy too.

Mary. I know very little about him, only that he keeps company with very indifferent boys, that don't do a stroke of work in the week, and the neighbours wonder how they live; and I believe the less you have to say to Thady Maguire, the better.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

PRIDE.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. Is that Thady ? I hardly knew you, and you seem to have no desire to know me, of late.

Thady. Your servant, Sir.

Martin. Now indeed I hardly know you ; that is not the way you used to speak to me ; nor you don't look as you used to do.

Thady. Why, how do I look ? I think I wear as good clothes as you, any way.

Martin. I'm not talking of your clothes. You wear your master's livery, I see.

Thady. Yes, and you see none of the bad things you laid out for me, came on me. You wanted me to turn my back on

Larry Connor, but I was not such a fool ; for Larry showed himself my friend ; and only for him I might mope about, or drudge like other people ; getting a day's work when I could, and turned off at every hand's turn, and called a lazy fellow. But when Larry got to be Squire Killfox's footman, he got me to be groom ; and now we have a fine life of it. Plenty to eat and drink, good wages, and not over-worked. Indeed the helper does almost all for me, for I never was in the way of knowing much about horses.

Martin. I am glad that you have got so good a place, where you can live comfortably, clothe yourself well, and give some help to your father and mother.—Oh! that is the comfort of earning.

Thady. They have not me to maintain now, and I have use myself for my earnings.

Martin. At any rate, pay for Judy and Pat at the daily school ; that will be but fourpence a week, and it will be doing a great deal of good, with a little money.

Thady. I declare I can't spare fourpence a week. I never have one tenpenny to rub against another: and at this present moment I owe Larry a six-shilling piece.

Martin. And what goes with your wages?

Thady. Oh, you need not ask me. believe you guess.

Martin. I hope you don't play cards now.

Thady. Oh, it's now I know how to play them. Why, how do you think we could pass our time without them?—You know nothing of life.

Martin. Don't you remember when you wished you had never touched a card?

Thady. I do remember it well enough, and sometimes I wish it still ;—but not so often as I used to do, I own that.

Martin. I am sorry to hear you say that. When one grows easy about doing wrong, it is a bad sign.

DIALOGUE XXXIII.

REPARATION.

Thady, and his mother *Katty*.

Thady. Well, mother, what do you want to say to me ?

Katty. I want to say a great deal to you about that poor girl, Hettȳ, I loved. Oh, that a son of mine should have such a hard heart, as to make a fool of a creature ; and leave her there, with her character gone, a show in the country !

Thady. And what would you have me do ?

Katty. Marry her, and make an honest woman of her.

Thady. It's easy said ; but how can I maintain a wife ?

Katty. Many a one maintains a wife on less than your wages ; and Hetty's a well-handed girl, and could turn her hand on many a thing, to make out a bit of bread.

Thady. Don't you remember, mother, that you often told me, I should never bring a girl into hardship ; and that I should save, and be careful, before I'd think of a wife ; and more than that, you often checked me for keeping company with Hetty.

Katty. But you have brought the girl into the greatest of hardships,—a girl that nobody said any thing bad of, till she kept company with you ;—and now, as you value your mother's blessing, go, and ask her to marry you ; and use her well, and save and work for her ;—for as poor as we are, no one can say but we are an honest family.

Thady. Aye, a family that never had a spot on it; and I am sure, if I bring Hetty Flood into it, we can't say that any more.

Katty. And whose fault is that?

Thady. Her own fault. Why would she, or why would any girl, keep company with a boy, as she did with me?

Katty. Yes, yes, that's what girls get by their tossing themselves off, and hearkening to people who are laid out to deceive them. Oh, Thady, I let you have too much of your own way, and it was a bad way you took. This girl can never hold up her head again, if you leave her this way; and, Thady, it is a sin, and a crying sin, to delude and deceive poor silly young creatures, though them you keep company with may think it clever, and you may uphold one another in your wickedness. But, Thady, if you don't do as I say, remember you'll be sorry for it, and may be, when it's too late. You flattered and coaxed the girl, and now you make little of her.

Thady. She made little of herself; and I tell you, mother, flat and plain, if you say another word to me about marrying Hetty Flood, I'll go and list.

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DIALOGUE XXXIV.

THE FUNERAL.

Thady, Martin.

Thady. Hey, Martin, as sober as ever!—I wonder what makes you stand here so quiet, and not have your spade in your hand digging. It's I that had the fun at Ballnacargy, where I went with my master last Friday was se'nnight, hunting every day, or seeing the hunt, any way. —Hah! a fine burying, upon my word! How pretty the girls look, walking two and two, and carrying the baskets of flowers

between them, and the white rods in their hands;—and I declare, that's your sister Biddy carrying the cross, and our Judy with the garland.

Martin. Thady, do you go out of the way; go up the lane to our cabin, and stay till I come from the burying.

Thady. Stay!—why should I stay? I never was a good warrant to turn my back on a burying, especially such a pretty one as this.

Martin. Go away, I tell you—go away smart.—I tell you they'll kill you if they find you here.

Thady. What are you talking about, Martin? Why should I be killed? And who dare touch me?

Martin. Hetty Flood's people.—They vowed revenge against you; and I am sure, that's big Vester, her cousin, with the stick in his hand, going under the coffin now to carry it.—Ah, poor Hetty!

Thady. For the love of Christ, Martin, tell me what you mean; and why are you talking of Hetty?

Martin. Then you did not hear what happened?

Thady. What happened? Is Hetty dead!—Is that her burying?

Martin. Oh, Thady! I'll tell you no lie! that is her burying.—Now do go out of the way.

Thady. Oh! Martin, my heart's broke! When did she die?—What was the matter with her?

Martin. Ah, Thady! When she found that you would not marry her, after inveigling and destroying her, but that she was left to be exposed, and a town-talk, she never held up her head again, but fell into what you call a galloping decay; and was gone almost unknown to any one.

Thady. Oh, Martin, take me away, take me away; take me any where, that I mayn't see this burying, and then say what you please to me.—Ah, don't leave me!

Martin. No, I won't leave you, though I was waiting here to help to carry poor Hetty; but it's more charity to stay with you.

Thady. Oh, look, and see is it out of sight. I'm not afraid of Hetty's people; but I would not see her coffin again for the world.

Martin. There it is just turning—no—it has stopped at the cross roads; now they have their hats off, praying.—I see her father's bald head.—Now it's gone under the hill.—Now it's among the trees.—Now it's going by Tom Dunn's.—Now there's the turn in the road, we can't see it any more.

Thady. It's gone then!—She's gone for ever.—Oh, Hetty, Hetty, did you curse me?

Martin. Curse you! No indeed! I believe the poor thing died in good-will with every one.

Thady. How do you know she did not curse me?

Martin. Because my sister Biddy was often with her, and she used to open her mind to Biddy; and it's often she blamed herself, and said that it was hearkening to people, that told her she was pretty, was the ruin of her; for she took to dizenning herself out, and going to dances; and all she earned, she put on her back; and often she praised Mary Doyle, for she was prettier than her, she said, though she never seemed to know it, nor would give ear to people that flattered her, and wanted her to dress fine; but she would rather put clothes on her mother, and get things in the house, and wear linsey herself, "than do as I did," said poor Hetty; "and now I see she was right, for she is respected, and I am despised."

Thady. Oh, what did she say of me? Did she think of me at all? And are you sure she did not curse me?

Martin. I am sure she did not curse you; because she prayed so heartily, to

have her sins forgiven ; and sure she durst not pray for that, if she did not forgive others. She did not often talk of you, indeed, I heard Biddy say ; but when she did, she said, the worst wish she wished you, was, that you might repent of the usage you gave her, before you came to lie on such a bed as she lay on ; and sure that was not like cursing ?

Thady. Oh then, my own mind curses me, and I can't go from that. I'll never take delight in any thing again, nor ever do any good.

Martin. Don't say so, Thady, but do all the good you can, to make amends for this bad turn ; and above all, be kind and loving to your poor father and mother, and to Pat and Judy, and mind your duty in every thing ; and when you are going to do wrong again, think of poor Hetty, and of what you are going through now.

DIALOGUE XXXV.

REMORSE.

Thady, Martin.

Thady. Sure, Martin, you are not turning your back on me.

Martin. Is that Thady? I did not see you. Why should you think I'd turn my back on you?

Thady. Because every one does, now. I'm in trouble and disgrace.

Martin. I don't wonder you should be in trouble; but every one would like you the better for being sorry for what has happened, and pity you. I'm sure I pity you; and I hope this will be for your

good, and be a warning to you all your life.

Thady. Ah, I was in hopes it would ; and I was staying by myself, and I promised in my own mind, that I would keep out of the way of my wild fellow servants, and mind my business, and not care for their making game of me ; and I got on my master's fine hunter, Chanticleer, to air him, and was riding quietly by the Horse-shoe, when out popped Larry, and Dinny, and Kit, and, right or wrong, I must go in with them ; and they saw I was dull, and they laughed at me at first ; and when they saw that would not go down, they bemoaned poor Hetty, and that melted my heart : they had cards, but they saw I had no heart to play, so they got the jug of punch, and another after that ; and sure enough they made me drink more than was good for me. At last I bethought myself of Chanticleer standing there at the door ; and up I got, but I was in no condition to manage him or my-

self; so in going a short way home, to save time, I put him to leap a wall; he did not clear it, but broke both his knees with the offer. Oh then! it's I that was sober enough; and who met me, coming out of the stable, as I was bringing in Chanticleer, but my master himself. It's a folly to talk.—Here I am, turned out of my place, and not a shilling in my pocket,—for I took up every penny of my wages,—going home to live upon my poor parents, that I never helped.

Martin. Your poor parents are good, and they love you, and they will do their best for you, if you are loving and dutiful to them, and strive to earn. And now I remember, Mr Seymour, the minister, that good gentleman, wants a servant man. May be he'd take you, and that's a sober, quiet house, where you'd be safe from wild company.

Thady. My master would not give me a character; so what shall I do?

Martin. I'll tell you what you'll do. Just go to Mr. Seymour; if you choose I'll go with you, and tell him the whole truth, and may be he'll take you into his house.

Thady. Ah, Martin! it's you that are my friend, after all.

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DIALOGUE XXXVI.

AMENDMENT.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. Thady, I'm very glad to see you look so well, and so comfortable ; but I thought it would be a lucky day for you, when you got to Mr. Seymour's.

Thady. O that it was indeed ! And I would be quite happy there, if I could get the thought of poor Hetty Flood out of my head ; but that damps my spirits greatly.

Martin. No wonder it should ; but don't strive to get the thoughts of this trouble out of your head, for you know what a great sin it was, and lie down un-

der the heaviness of it, and pray to be forgiven, and don't want to get your spirits up: they will rise when you know in yourself that you are striving to be better; and you are in a good family, I am sure, where you'll see no bad patterns.

Thady. That I am, Martin! From the master and mistress, to the gossoon in the kitchen, all are good and quiet; and no wonder, when the day is begun and finished after the way it is.

Martin. I don't know what you mean, only that I am sure they must begin and finish the day well; for Mr. and Mrs. Seymour are doing good from morning till night.

Thady. Why then I'll tell you. In the morning we are all called up, aye, the very gossoon himself, to the room where the master and mistress, and the young ladies, are sitting. Mr. Seymour reads a prayer for us, begging the protection of our Heavenly Father all the day, and that he would bless us and our work;

and at night returning thanks to Him, that took care of us through the day. On Sunday evening too, Mr. Seymour preaches us a sermon ; it would do your heart good to hear it ; there is not a word against our church, nor for any church in particular, but all for goodness. Sure you know what sort of a man my master is, and, like that, my mistress is as good as himself, and a clever, fine manager in her family, and sign's on it, every thing goes on like clock-work, so regular, and not a loud word ; and some of the servants have grown old and grey-headed there ; for who that once got in, would leave it if they could help it. The under chamber-maid was married, and went to her own place, and I thought to get Judy in there ; but, truly, Judy would not come, all I could say, because there was no tea, nor tea-money ; for my poor mother gave in too much to her ; and indeed it was worse for us all, and stood greatly in our way, that we were apt to fault our

victuals. And Mrs. Seymour said, she would not do so much harm to her servants, as to give them the fashion of tea ; but they have plenty of bread and butter and milk ; and as good a house it is as one could desire to set foot in.

Martin. I hope you'll live a long time there, and not go near your old comrades ; for if you do, and they draw you into their ways, I am afraid it will be worse with you than ever.

Thady. I don't fear them ; I know them well enough, and I defy them to get hold of me again.

Martin. Stick to that, Thady ; but for all that, don't go in their way.

DIALOGUE XXXVII.

READING.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. If any thing could make me leave my father's place, and be a house servant, it would be the account you give of Mr. Seymour's goodness; and more than all, of his making you all come in to hear reading, and to prayers.

Thady. It's mighty good, to be sure, and when my heart was down, I took delight and comfort in it; but now that I have got up my spirits a little again, I grow so tired of the reading, that I most-

ly fall asleep. I wish my master would not be always reading the bible to us ; and he gave me a bible too ; it's little the innocent gentleman knows, that I never turned over a leaf of it. Indeed I was ashamed to tell him that I could not read, to make sense of it.

Martin. Sure you might get it read to you. The sober servants there would read it for you if you'd ask them, I engage ; and they are too sensible and well behaved, to laugh at you.

Thady. I never asked them ; not all as one as the ballad-book Dinny Max lent me the loan of. I never was easy till I heard every word of that through, and got a power of them by heart.

Martin. I'm sure it's all a fashion liking good books, or not liking them ; for the more I read my bible, the better I like it ; and the more I long to be reading and knowing more about every one, and every thing, that is all through it. Sure, there never could be better advice

than is in the new testament; and so matchable to all sorts of people.

Thady. Oh, the weary on you, with your new testament, and your old testament!—it would be enough for the minister himself to stand preaching this way to me. I'd rather hear some sort of a story read, than all the advice you tell me of. A story might draw one to listen to it.

Martin. And is there not a sight of stories in the bible, about Adam and Eve, and Abraham and Isaac; and how particular Abraham was, in choosing a good wife for his son. Often I think Rebecca was like Mary Doyle.

Thady. Because I suppose she was pretty.

Martin. Not only because she was pretty, but she was so handy and industrious, and so good-natured and obliging to the stranger. But the beautifullest story of them all, is the story of Joseph; often I cried over it when I was a little

boy, and since too ; and it was not all he suffered, and the cruelty of his brothers, and the sorrow of his poor father, moved my heart so much, as his own tender, good mind, when he told his brothers who he was, and when he cried at their being afraid he would be revenged on them after their father died. Not a notion had he of that kind ; he forgave them with all his heart, and he strove to make them forgive themselves. And then, what story ever could be told, is more wonderful, or better worth listening to, than the whole history of our Saviour ?

Thady. But I mean a story that I'd be longing to know how it would end ; whether good or bad I don't care, so it be like a story.

Martin. How could you hear the history of Christ, and not wish to know what became of him ? he did more wonderful things than any one that ever lived, and was most cruelly murdered, after all, which he bore with the greatest patience ; and

what could be more wonderful than his rising from the dead ?

Thady. Oh, you know I have been listening to that since I was born.

Martin. But you don't give your mind to think enough about it, I'm afraid ; and I am sure all the reading and hearing good things in the world, will do us no good, if we let it in at one ear, and out at the other.

DIALOGUE XXXVIII.

THE RELAPSE.

Martin, Thady.

Martin. Now, Thady, that your master's family is from home, it stands you upon to be very particular who you let about the place ; and I heard that Larry Connor and Kit Dooly went to see you yesterday.

Thady. And what harm would they do coming to see me ?

Martin. I thought you determined never to have any thing to say to them.

Thady. Not to be free with them as I used to be ; but one must show civility to an old acquaintance.

Martin. I don't want you to be uncivil to any one, but you know well enough they were the bad advisers to you; and the less you keep company with them, the better it will be for you every way; for you know Larry was seen drunk and boxing at two or three fairs, and the neighbours say that what makes Kit dress so fine, is the money he gets at card-playing; and not fair play either; for he never takes a spade in his hand, but swaggers about like an idle gentleman.

Thady. It's well for him, that's so lucky at cards: I wish I had such good luck. I'd make my father and mother the better of me, not as I used to do.

Martin. Never wish to get money any way but by honest earning. "Light got, light gone," you know, and badly got is worse again; but there is a blessing on what is got with a good mind, and good endeavouring. Did you never hear what Mr. Fielding said to Mr. Sawyer, when his

niece was gone to be married to Mr. Sawyer's son?

Thady. No, Martin; what did he say? Mr. Fielding was a good man.

Martin. Mr. Sawyer told Mr. Fielding, when they were making up the match, that he expected his niece would have had more money, and rather faulted the fortune. "Never fear, man," said Mr. Fielding, making answer, "it was honestly earned, and it will wear like steel!"

Thady. But one may do good with money one wins at cards.

Martin. Did you ever see any good done with it?

Thady. I forget whether I did or not.

Martin. I never did, however. It is not a good, nor an honest mind, makes people covet the money that is in other people's pockets.

Thady. O, but you know they run the chance of losing what is in their own pockets.

Martin. Depend upon it, when they

sit down to that work, their heart and soul are set upon winning the money that they never earned ; and they run the chance of losing their own, because they hope they won't lose it.

Thady. Well, but a little play for diversion is no harm ; and one is so lonesome these long winter nights. Now you that can read, have no notion how dismal it is to sit moping, or to be stalking about, after the business is done.

Martin. Learn to read ; it's better late than never. When the bible was printed in English, I was told many old persons learned to read, that they might have the comfort and good of it. But if you don't think well of taking that trouble, there is many a little job you could do, of a winter's night, for your fellow servants, while one of them is reading. Now, do that, Thady, and put card-playing out of your head.

DIALOGUE XXXIX.

DRUNKENNESS.

Mr. Seymour, Thady.

Mr. Seymour. It does not signify scratching your bare head, and scraping the ground with your bows; for I'm resolved to stop a quarter's wages from you, for the damage you have done my horse and cart.

Thady. If your honour will be pleased to forgive me this time, I'll never do any thing again out of the way, while I live with your honour.

Mr. Seymour. Any one who is in the habit of getting drunk, cannot account for his conduct; therefore, it will be both for your own and my advantage, to deprive you of the money which you make such a bad use of.

Thady. I won't say any thing against what your honour pleases to do; because you are the best master any one need wish to live under.

Mr. Seymour. Thady, I wish I could make you sensible how wrong it is to get drunk.

Thady. I am sensible it was very unlucky this time, but I was very lucky when I was in liquor ever till now; and I was always counted a very quiet boy drunk, and pleasanter than when I was sober. But when I had any thing in my care, I had no right to take e'er a drop at all, nor ever will again, if it's my luck.

Mr. Seymour. You talk very foolishly about your luck. Surely it is in your own power not to walk into an ale-house, and

not to lift the glass to your mouth, as much as it is in your power not to go into my parlour, and drink my wine.

Thady. Lord bless me, and preserve me from ever doing such an ungrateful turn! Sure, I would not, for all the European world, take any drink, barring what I paid for.

Mr. Seymour. By your own account, you cannot help doing what is your luck to do. How do you know it is not your luck to drink my wine.

Thady. I believe your honour's right; but somehow I can't get over going with my comrades to drink, when they are so pressing entirely.

Mr. Seymour. When you find yourself unable to stand against their persuasion, and your own inclination, pray to the Almighty to be delivered from the temptation.

Thady. I beg your pardon, for keeping your honour so long talking to the like of me; but I'd thank you to tell me,

do you think it always a sin for one to take a drop?

Mr. Seymour. I think taking a little strong drink will lead you, who are so fond of it, to take more, and to commit sin. You and I are both healthy, therefore we don't need any thing of this kind. I understand you have an old father and mother, who have not always the necessities of life; and the money you injure yourself with, would greatly benefit them. I mean to give them your quarter's wages.

Thady. I humbly thank your honour; and I'll be bound to pray for you the longest day I live.

DIALOGUE XL.

ELOPEMENT.

*Barney, Martin's father, Terry,
Thady's father.*

Barney. Neighbour, I'm heartily sorry for your trouble; and if I can be of any service to you, or if Martin can, we will do any thing you'd have us to do. Martin would have come to you, but he's at home breaking his heart; for he and Thady were always fond of one another from the time they could daddle about.

Terry. Ah! that was the time I had comfort in my child, and very little since,

barring the short time he was at Mr. Seymour's ; and it was your boy got him in there ; and if he had been said by him, I might have my child still to comfort my old age ;—but I have lost him,—aye, lost him.—It would be better for me to see him stretched, than to have lost him this way. And your good Martin told him how it would be, if he took to keeping company again with those that were the ruin of him before.—They got round Thady, the villains ! and they coaxed him to play cards again, and to drink ; and when the old steward forbid them the house then they got Thady to meet them at the Horse-shoe, and the steward warned Thady, and said if he resorted to that house, and kept such company as Larry Connor and Kit Dooley, he must acquaint his master when he came home ; and so he did, like an honest man as he is, and still the master bore with him, and thought to make some good hand of him ; and Larry and Kit knew well enough that Mr. Seymour

would find out their schemes ; so he was not long at home till they made off out of the place. But oh ! that Thady should be so bewitched as to let himself be wheedled to go along with them !

Barney. Do you think they listed ?

Terry. No ; for Thady sent me word not to be uneasy, for he had the promise of a good place in Dublin, and great wages. But it is he that has left the good place ; and there's my daughter Judy, that would not go there, because there was no tea for her. It's little quietness I let her have at home since she did that turn ; but the mother was too easy with them, and gave them too much of their way, and often I fought with her about it ; and when my back was turned, one should have the sup of tea, and another the bit of white bread toasted at the fire, and butter on it. The children of the quality, I'll engage, were not so particular in their eating. All by the mother's silliness.—But, poor thing ! she's in trouble now,

and low enough ;—and may be I was to blame too, for snubbing them too much, and making them distant with me, and afraid of me. Ah, it's you and Winny that know how to rear children, and good children you did rear. Our poor Thady was fond of a garden, and I drove him from it, thinking to make him work ; and so he took to playing pitch and toss with the boys that are the ruin of him now ; and his poor mother was too high to let him go to the Sunday school ; but you sent your Martin, and you let him have his garden, and he was never astray for proper diversion, and his learning stands him in good stead, and his little garden stands him in good stead ; for he told me, but not bragging, that what he made of his sallows and of his cabbage plants, and his quicks, and his young trees, gave him enough to build his cabin ; and that he expects, in spring, to furnish it for Mary against he brings her home to you. But my unfortunate boy will bring no good

girl home to me ; and I am afraid he will never come home himself.

Barney. Oh, neighbour, hope the best. I'll send my woman to talk to your Katty ; may be she'll be the better of it, for Winny's very cordial,

DIALOGUE XLI.

BOTANY BAY.

Barney, and his son Martin.

Barney. Welcome, my own Martin, back again. Well, I hope your mind is easier : but it was a long walk you took, to see poor Thady, in his great distress ; and many a one wondered you would go near him at all.

Martin. Sure, I could not find in my heart to refuse the last thing he would ever ask me. I knew him so long, and I knew he was not bad hearted ; but was easily led.

Barney. He was easily led to do bad things; but you did not find it easy to lead him to do what he ought to do; and one comfort is, you were not easily led by him.

Martin. For that, I thank the Almighty, and you, my dear father and mother, who took care of me all manner of ways; never let me have what was not fit for me to have, and never refused me what was fit, if you had it; and always made me so happy at home, that I used to rejoice coming from work, to see our little cabin with its white walls, and the little trees growing about it, that you gave me leave to rear, and that I delight in now, and always will. Now, it was different with Thady; but why should I blame his poor father and mother, for they see now plain enough where they were wrong.

Barney. Aye, now, when it is too late; but, poor people! I pity them from my heart.

Martin. Oh, you would pity them, if you had a heart of stone, when it was proved upon him in the court, that he was at the robbery of Mr. Leland's house, with Larry Connor and Kit Dooley : Larry got off some way, and hid in the country, and Kit turned King's evidence against Thady :—and Oh, the look Thady gave at him, when he swore against him. Thady declared he never had any hand in a robbery before, and that he was inveigled into this without knowing what they were about : but the law must take its course, and Thady is condemned to be sent to Botany Bay. When those words were spoken by the Judge, Oh ! you'd have thought the poor boy was losing his reason, and his father and mother perfectly stupified with grief till Mr. Seymour came to see them, and to talk to them ; and he gave them such good advice, and so feeling and so tender, that the tears ran down like rain, and they grew patient and quiet ; and he told Thady, he was

going, as it were, to enter into a new life, and that he had an opportunity of being a useful good man; and he begged of him to think of what was past, and to be thankful that his life was not taken from him; with a great deal that I could not tell you. And he desired the old people to look at their own behaviour to their children, and if they found they had done wrong, to mend it, and alter their behaviour to the rest; and he hoped they would have comfort in them; and you can't think what good it did them all; and then poor Thady settled down to think over what he had done, and Oh, he warned all that came near him to make their children happy at home, that they need not go to to play pitch and toss, for that was the beginning of his ruin; but he never said this when the old couple was by, for fear they would reflect on themselves, which the poor *creturs* did often enough;—but how he did draw down all his *follies*, ah! it was *sins* he called them then, and above

all, poor Hetty Flood struck him to the heart, and it was most moving and feeling the way he talked of her ; and he gave his blessing to Mary and to me, over and over and compared us with himself and Hetty, and begged his mother's pardon for not taking her advice in that affair ; and ah ! how the father and mother did bemoan him.

Barney. Oh ! my heart aches for them. Did they come back with you ?

Martin. No ; they'll stay to see poor Thady off.

Barney. How did he and you take leave of one another ?

Martin. Oh, father, don't ask me !—but the poor fellow is determined, with the Lord's help, to do well in that strange country ; and he is so loving to his father and mother now, that it breaks their hearts the more, though in the main, it is a comfort to part in love.

Barney. I wish he may do as you say he determines ; but, I wish he had done

as he determined when he took the good turn at Mr. Seymour's; he had a better chance then of minding himself, than where he is going.

Martin. I am glad Larry and Kit are not going with him.

Barney. He'll have bad company enough, child, without them.

Martin. Ah, father, but the boys one used to play with, when we were all little together, it's they that stick to one's heart; and the Lord is merciful, and can change the heart, and I hope he will have mercy on poor Thady.

DIALOGUE XLII.

COURTSHIP.

Martin Nowlan, and Mary Doyle.

Martin. Mary, I believe you are astray in your road. Where are the girls that went with you to market this morning?

Mary. Syl Branagan met us a little above the cross roads, and he coaxed Betty Mara to go into Peter Farrell's, and Betty wanted us all to go with her. Polly Feares and Nelly Phelan went; and I strove to make the best of my way home,

and was sure I knew the way, though I never came it before till this morning; but I suppose I turned down the wrong road.

Martin. Did not they ask you to go in too?

Mary. Indeed they did, very kindly, and pressed me; and there was a fiddler and a piper both in the place.

Martin. Why did not you stay for them, and not come away by yourself? you might be affronted, if you fell in with drunken people coming from the market.

Mary. I never was affronted yet going quietly about my business; and indeed, Martin, to tell the truth, I'd be more afraid of being affronted if I stayed. I was always in dread of going into a house where they sold liquor; and as I stood at the door arguing with the girls to let me go, or to come themselves, there was such laughing and singing, that I thought every minute an hour, till I got my heels out of the place.

Martin. But are not you tired this warm day? don't hurry yourself; I'll take care of you home; and here's a nice bank you can sit down to rest yourself on, before we go up the hill.

Mary. I'm a little tired sure enough, but I'd rather be going on, for I am in a hurry to get home, and every step we go, the less way we have before us; and when once I see our cabin, I'll be well enough; I always think the sight of home rests me.

Martin. Now, do you know where you are?

Mary. Not well indeed, Martin.—Ah, yes,—that's our house, I declare, and the oak tree!

Martin. And don't you see our house; and there, a little above the side gate yonder, by the clump of trees, there is the cabin that's to be yours and mine, my own Mary! Don't you see it?

Mary. I did not know it was white-washed yet. Can that be your's with the

sun shining on the window? I did not know it was glazed either.

Martin. I wanted to surprize you ; and between you and I, I think there's not a prettier sight before us than that very place of yours and mine.

Mary. I always thought any place you laid out, would be pretty ; but I never thought it would look so beautiful as it does ;—sure it is fit for e'er a farmer in the country to live in.—Ah, you have had a deal of trouble making it so nice !

Martin. I think no trouble of any thing I ever did to it, when you like it ;—that would make up for ten times the trouble.

Mary. I'd be hard to please if I did not like that ; I wish I may deserve it.

Martin. Now, as we see it from this, does not it look like peace and comfort ? I'm sure the inside will look better when you are in it, than ever the outside did. Many a time, before I took heart to tell you my mind, I used to walk up that hill

facing your mother's, and look down upon the cabin, and think how peaceable it looked, and of all the comfort that was in it, and that may be, at that present minute, you were singing at your wheel, or readying up the house, or tending on your mother ;—and many a plan I used to lay out about you, at the same time that I hardly thought they would ever come out, for I was greatly afraid of Simon Lyons ; and when he got his answer itself, I was afraid that when you would not think of such a one as him, I had no chance at all ; and poor Simon's a good lad, and he speaks very free and friendly to me, and I wish him the best wife he can get, since he did not get my own dear Mary.

Mary. Come on faster. I see the smoke from my mother's chimney. I believe the potatoes will be ready to teem again I go in.

DIALOGUE XLIII.

MATRIMONY.

Barney and his Son Martin.

Barney. Well, Martin, I wish you much joy of your new house, and of the good girl you're going to put in it. Well, well ! It's little I thought, when I gave you the *deeny* bit of a garden, what it would do for you and for us, and not take you one day from your work, from the time you bought the little pig out of it unknown to us all, and brought it home to your mother ; have not you been making us the better of your garden every

year, besides taking that acre of bottom land to plant your sallows? Have not you been always getting us something or other, either bedding or clothing, or conveniencies for the cabin?

Martin. I'm more beholden to my garden than you are, father, and more obliged to you on the head of it, than you are to me. Another man would hinder a foolish little boy from digging up the garden; but that was not your way; you encouraged me, and put me in the way of managing the little bit, and gave me more and more, till you let me have the garden entirely myself, and then that piece of the field; and it was my delight and my glory, and I never was lonesome when I was working at it; and the finest play never gave me half the pleasure that I took in seeing my little plants come up, and my trees thriving. Now, my sallows are doing very well, and the call for them for hoops and baskets is better and better; and I can tell you, father, what

you'll be glad to hear, that I have ten pounds, over and above all that I laid out; and if you think well of it, I'll try to get a springer at the fair of Rathsal-lagh, that Mary may have something to turn her hand upon.

Barney. Ten pounds! That's good, indeed. Sure I'll not say again any thing that you like to do with your own money; and I think it could not be better laid out than on a cow.

Martin. Now, father, as happy as I am, I almost think bad of your losing my earning; I am afraid you won't have as comfortable living, and now that you are growing old, and not so well able to work.

Barney. Oh, my boy, don't you know us better than that? Sure you ought to know there's nothing in the world wide gives us greater pleasure than to have you so well settled: and thanks be to the Lord, our children are all good, and all helping, and all earning. There's Biddy,

you know, has picked up mantua-making, and turns her back upon no one for making a shirt, though she's not above digging, and washing, and planting the potatoes, and doing every thing that comes in her way; and she has made a good work-woman of little Jenny; and it's Peggy that has the good place at Mr. Seymour's, and gives great satisfaction there; and I don't know but little Johnny will be the best of you all; though, to be sure, Tommy's a fine scholar, and will be fit to go 'prentice to Mr. Murphy next year.

Martin. Aye, father, and I'm laid out to pay the 'prentice-fee.

Barney. Oh, no, Martin, you'll be having a charge of your own: it would be a shame to let you do that.

Martin. I must indeed, father; you don't know what a help Tommy was to me in my garden; and my garden owes it to him, and is able to pay it too. But, father, won't you come in and see the room, now it's white-washed and furnished?

Barney. Really, it's as white as snow ! Mother's own son ! Not a spring of her life but my woman gave our cabin the good white-washing, and oftener too, if there was any sickness among us, but that was not often ; and I believe that same white-washing helped to keep us so healthy.

Martin. Father, how do you like my little furniture ?

Barney. Like ! Who could dislike any thing here ? It is fit for our dear Mary, and that's saying enough for any room. Well, this arm-chair fits me nicely ; I know you got it for me, for Johnny Lucas, the cabinet-maker, told me you did, and gave him a great charge to make it easy. Ah, Martin, Martin ! it was not for nothing I was glad when I saw your face first ! you never gave me a heart-ache, only when I thought I'd have lost you in the fever, and that will be your comfort when my head is laid low.

Martin. Lord send that day may be far off! Are not these pretty oak chairs? and see this little chest of drawers I got for Mary, to keep her wearables and little matters in, and this cozy cherry-tree table, for her to work at.

Barney. Ah, it's Mary that will keep them clean and bright; and what's this over your little chimney-piece?

Martin. A perpetual almanack, that Tommy made for Mary, that she may know what day of the month it is any year, and any day of the year.

Barney. It's well done to show respect to Mary in these little things; it's only in little things the like of us can show respect, but when the heart is in it, it is as good, aye, better, than ten times the value, when it's given without the cordial welcome along with it.

Martin. Oh, father, it's I that am the happy man, to get that sweet pretty girl; and what's better, that's so good; and what's almost as well as her being

good, that's so good humoured. I'll engage I'll never see a frown on her face.

Barney. That you mayn't, and that she mayn't see one on yours!

Martin. Oh, I have no notion that she will, except when I think of poor Thady.

Barney. Aye, except!—except when something comes across either of you, which, depend upon it, there will, if you never thought of Thady.

Martin. Oh, father, you never used to be the one would threaten ill luck upon a body.

Barney. I threaten nothing but what's the luck of every one; and don't you offer to think that you'll be without trouble, and perplexity, and vexation, as well as another; but let what will come, do your best to come home in a good humour to Mary; and if you don't find her as pleasant as you expect, take no notice of it; but above all, do not say or do any thing to aggravate her, and

then you'll see she'll soon come to herself. A man has no notion of all the little things a woman has to teaze her in the house ; and when he don't make allowance for her, I can't think he is a good husband. She looks to him to take care of her, and to comfort her : and if he be cross and snappish, or black and sulky, or gibing and game-making, he goes the way to spoil a good wife ; and indeed, he don't deserve to have a good one.

Martin. Father, sure you don't think I'd give Mary such usage, or that she would deserve it.

Barney. Many a woman gets it that don't deserve it ; but I have no notion Mary ever will get it, or that you would be the one to give it her. But there's another thing I'll mention, though indeed there seems no occasion for it at this present time, however, for you are open-hearted, and Mary is discreet, and that is, not to pinch her in little things she

may want, for a man is no judge of the little calls a woman has ; and a sensible woman will take as much care of the substance as her husband will ; and it has gone to my heart to see clever, knowing women not allowed to have the handling of a penny, but obliged to sell corn and potatoes underhand, to get what was necessary for the house and the children, and they must sell it at a loss, and it grieved them to be obliged to do such a thing ; I don't mean the women that sell all they can lay their hands on, to buy fine clothes, or on tea, or may be on whiskey ; no matter how tight a hand is kept on that sort :—but, Martin, don't redden up so. I'm afraid I vexed you, so I'll not say another word in that way.

DIALOGUE XLIV.

MATRIMONY.

Nanny Doyle, and her daughter,
Mary Nowlan.

Nanny. Well, good luck be with you, my dear Mary, now you are going to leave me ; and so good a daughter can't but have good luck.

Mary. Ah, my dear mother, it goes to my heart to part you, though I have got so good a boy, one that I love so well, and I love all his people ; but, my kind loving mother, I am heart-broken to think you won't come with us, though

all Martin begged and prayed, and promised to keep you comfortable.

Nanny. I know Martin's good-natured, but a poor weakly body like me could do little in the house ; and he might feel that I was a burden on him, though I'm sure he'd never say it.

Mary. Dear mother, don't say that ! An old weakly body, sitting in the chimney corner, and giving her advice, and having her eye about, is often of more use than a stirring young woman. And you will be so lonesome !

Nanny. You know your cousin Anne will stay awhile with me ; and sure you may be quite satisfied, when I gave my consent to Martin, that he should build the little room at the end of your cabin for me, where I can dress my bit, and do what little turns I want, and step in to see you when I like.

Mary. That same's a comfort ; and Martin was up at the first light, marking out the size of the room, and getting the

clay tempered. But I want you with me now. I want your advice, now that I'm going to my own place, you that always set me such a good pattern.

Nanny. As to advice, you are a sensible girl, Mary, and a good girl, though I say it; and you know well enough how to behave yourself; and sure you can't but know, that next to having a good heart, having a good temper is what will make people happy with one another. Now, it is no hardship to you to part Martin with good humour, and to meet him with good humour, because you now are full of love and happiness; but when the cares and troubles of life come upon you, then to part Martin with good humour, and to meet him with good humour, will be what will make him sorry to leave you, and longing to come back to you, even if you meet with crosses, and your place is poor; for you may be tidy and regular, if you are ever so poor; and if you have only a

dry potatoe, you can have it at the proper time, laid down hot on a clean table-cloth ; for a dirty slattern woman, that don't care how her place is, or how she gives a labouring man his bit, can't make her husband, especially if he's hungry, like the thoughts of coming home as well as he ought, if she is ever so pleasant and joking ; and then again, if a woman is in a fuss, or cross or dismal, when the poor man comes home, he will dread the thoughts of it, if she is ever so notable and clean. And depend upon it, such wives as these two kinds of women, drive many and many a man to the ale-house ; for when a man is right comfortable at home, he does not often desire to go abroad.

Mary. Ah, mother ! don't you think that many a man goes to the ale-house, to keep up his heart when he's going back in the world, because he loves his wife, and would not tell her, for fear she would fret ?

Nanny. I believe there does ; but if the wife does her best to take care of their little share, and behaves in such a way, as not to let her husband hide any thing from her, that is, to be open with him, and to show him she has no schemes of her own, he can't but be the same with her ; and then, if things do not go quite smooth, it is a good way to think, and to say, that it might be worse ; like poor Dan Ready, the carman, when he lost his horse, that returned thanks that it was not his wife that died of the fever she was just rising up from, though it was he that badly wanted the work of that horse ; and Honor Kelly, when her cow was choked with a potatoe, and she did not know where to turn her for milk for her fatherless little creatures ; she said what a blessing it was, that the cow was taken, instead of one of the children. And Antis Byrne, the lone *cretur*, when her pig, that she had to stand against the rent, was bit by a mad dog, and obliged to be shot, she never fretted ;

but all she said was, that she had a good escape herself. And though I am sure Martin is very good-humoured, as well as thorough good natured, yet you know every one is not the same all times ; and a man meets with his trials, and his troubles out at his work ; so, if he does not always come in quite pleasant, or find fault when he might as well let it alone, never you take huff, but be patient and mild, and mind what is amiss, if you can ; and when he sees that, he will be sorry, and will be pleasanter than before, when he gets his mind settled again. And if things go well with you, as I believe they will, don't think it was all owing to your own cleverness or management, or endeavouring, but to the blessing and mercy of good Providence. And don't be extravagant or dressy, or getting this and that, or sitting down to your tea, because you think you can afford it, for that would be the way to let all slip through your fingers. But never begrudge the poor a bit,

nor the stranger a welcome, nor the sick a good turn, nor the sorrowful a kind word ; but remember the words of our blessed Saviour, and do them, and then you will be sure to do well in every thing.—Reach me the Testament and my spectacles.—These are the words: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.” This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it ; “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.”

GLOSSARY AND NOTES,

FOR THE

Use of the English Reader.

GLOSSARY,

&c. &c.

P. 3.—*But what can I do with myself?*

This is strongly expressive of the *wrecklessness* which the long reign of ignorance in Ireland has imposed upon her unfortunate sons.—Something has been done to remove it—but *much* more remains to be done.—It is lamentable to think how many still oppose the diffusion of knowledge amongst the poor, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject by persons of talent, humanity and patriotism.---In one of the Bishop of London's (Porteus) charges to his clergy, in 1803, he expresses himself very forcibly on this subject; and as the opinion comes *with authority*, it will perhaps mo-

dify the sentiments of hostility which the *anti-information* junta entertain:—"In Ireland, it is well known that the ignorance and superstition of the peasantry and labourers are scarcely to be equalled in any other civilized country in Europe.—It is a fact, ascertained by the most diligent and accurate inquiries, lately set on foot in that Island, that even in the most enlightened part of it, not above one-third of the people receive any education at all; and throughout the rest of the country, not a *twentieth* part have even learned their alphabet. This is a degree of ignorance which carries back our thoughts to the ages of gothic barbarism, and was scarcely to be expected in what we call these *enlightened* days.—It is *Egyptian* darkness---*darkness that may be felt!*—The consequence of it should be buried in everlasting oblivion.—I shall therefore only say, in the words of the prophet, that the common people of that Island were destroyed "*for want of knowledge.*" Their

understandings were darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that was in them." This extract is strongly recommended to the great and increasing population of *Irish absentees*, particularly those who are great landed proprietors.---Till this ignorance is remedied, (and it is in their power to effect that remedy), they have but slight claims to the title of humane, or even *just* men, however they may talk at *clubs*, of honor, and at *watering-places*, of benevolence.

P. 3.---*Ah, no, Martin! I'd be tired waiting to see them come up.*

This is highly characteristic of that *impatience* which is a leading feature in the Irish character; any object that is of slow acquirement is put aside, and immediate profit uniformly substituted; the short and precarious tenures that generally prevail amongst the Irish poor, who are, unfortunately, for themselves and the country, all petty farmers, have turned

their concerns into a species of lotttery; instead of *industry*, you hear them uniformly talk of *luck*, and a scrambling propensity, a mere system of expedients, has superseded the calculations of prudence, and the operations of foresight.---Every bit of paper that falls on the road is carefully scrutinized by an Irish peasant, in the hope of its turning out a bank note---and the most laborious exertions are made to forward a speculation on a cow or a pig, and the greatest inconveniencies endured by the family, in the prosecution of it; the time that is lost in these schemes, and the money spent in the endeavour to realize them, are never taken into account;---the former consideration is indeed totally overlooked; and to this may be ascribed a great portion of the hardship which the poor of Ireland endure.

P. 5.--*Their goodness meets them one time or other, and best of all, on the death-bed.*

The death-bed of the Irish peasant would, in some instances, do no discredit even to the philosopher; there is generally found there, calm resignation, and fervent hope—the neighbours are freely admitted, and as the poor classes suffer under lingering rather than from acute complaints, the consequences of bad and insufficient food, rather than of repletion, which attacks so frequently in England, in the formidable shape of apoplexy, they retain their senses to the last moment; and their last accounts are sometimes made up in a very peculiar style of whimsical self satisfaction. “Paddy,” said a priest to a man who was *in extremis*, “you know I can’t give you absolution while you harbour a grudge against any human being.” “Why then in troth,” replied Paddy, “there is not a man in the wide world that I have a hatred to, barring Darby Malone----and I’m sure, when I tell you how it happened, your *rivirence* won’t think me to

blame. You know that heifer that I had last spring was twelve month!---well, the heifer one night slipped off her spansels, when she was feeding on the road side, and she *bruk* into Darby's garden, and she only trod down every taste of his little *piaties*, and eat and trampled all his dawney bit of oats; and what did Darby do?----why he *driv* her to the pound, and I was forced to pay for the damage----so, says I that time, may I never do an ill turn if I'll ever forget that to Darby Malone." "Well then," rejoined the priest, "being in that disposition, I can do you no service." Here there was a long pause, and an evident struggle between duty and resentment; at last Paddy exclaimed—"Well, please your *rividence*, don't leave me, and I'll tell you what I'll do, and the devil sweep me if ever I depart from it—If I *die*, I'll *forgive* him; but if I *live*, I *never will*."---- Paddy however *did* recover, and a reconciliation took place, notwithstanding the curious

dilemma in which he had placed himself.

P. 5.—*Well, but the heavy spade, how could you manage it?*

Much inconvenience arises from the want of proper tools proportioned to the strength of those who are to use them; boys could begin to work, and to earn a subsistence much sooner, if they were furnished with appropriate implements; this has been in some instances attended to, but employers should make the custom general.

P. 8. —*I wonder at your mother * * * that she puts it upon you.*

This is very expressive of the aversion from labour that prevails in Ireland: more time is lost in appointing the quantity that by right devolves upon servants, than would suffice to execute twice the amount that is required;—"it was very *quare* to go to put the teeming of the piaties upon me, when she knew very well I was carrying in firing the whole of the day." Mas-

ters and mistresses could not do a greater service to themselves and their household, than by distributing fairly and *strictly* the various tasks that are to be performed.

P. 9.—*Daddles about with her.*

There is an obsolete verb to *dade*—to hold up by a leading-string, from which this word is probably derived.

P. 11.—*When Johnny was a little baby, my father took him into another bed, and minded him in the night.*

The following fact may be relied upon, as evincing the native tenderness of the Irish character :—a man whose wife died lying-in, and left him several children, put the infant to nurse ; but thinking it was not taken sufficient care of, he brought it home, cherished it with maternal care, and after hard labour in the day, submitted to disturbed rest, to pay affection to the babe, who slept in his bosom—the child thrived, and the father delighted in exhibiting him : a lady sent a suit of clothes for the babe ;—the person

charged with the present, went joyfully to deliver it, and was surprised at not meeting reciprocal satisfaction—the father's brow was clouded—his little charge was dead, snatched from him by the hooping-cough!

P. 12.—*Sure you might divert them, without humouring them.*

This is the true distinction; the children of the *high*, as well as the *low*, are rendered intolerable by *humouring*, or, in other words, by gratifying their *fancies* as well as their *wants*; a foundation is thus laid for capricious tyranny in after life—the bane of all domestic happiness, converting the rich, as well as the poor man into home despots, the terror of their wives, and the bugbear of their children.

P. 14.—*To school of a Sunday!*

Sunday is in Ireland considered not merely as a day of *rest*, but of *idleness*—and is observed with the same degree of punctilious reverence, in this respect, as

the hackney coachman displayed in getting tipsy.—“Why, you are continually intoxicated,” observed a gentleman to one of these sons of the thong.—“And how in honour can I help it, Sir? All the kind *jontlemen* that I drive, give me *something to drink*, and you know I’d be worse than a *villian* to disappoint them.”

P. 15.—*No child of her’s should go to a charity school.*

It is astonishing how strongly this feeling is rooted, and how widely it extends;—the very poorest shrink from the terror of their children being reproached in after life with having gone to a *charity school*! This prejudice, if it cannot be removed, may at least be obviated, by annexing a stipend, however small, to the privilege of attending at the schools; a penny would take off the stigma, as it is perhaps falsely considered; and to those who cannot afford, it would be better even to *give* it for this purpose, than to suffer the

loss of attendance, which grows out of this objection.

P. 17.—*For they wished greatly to send me to school.*

The Irish are extremely anxious that their children should get *larning*, as they call it---and the parents would be much improved, as well as amused, by their children's reading to them, and communicating what they had acquired at school, but for a slight impediment—for strange to say, and yet not less true, many cabins have been built, are building, and ought to be demolished, which have no *windows*!—all the light that is admitted passes through the door-way and down the hole in the roof, by which the smoke escapes; in the long winter evenings, a candle is a phenomenon which never makes its appearance; a rush, dipped in grease, serving to make darkness visible. The education of the poor is a point very much and very properly attended to, but it is only a *part* of a system of im-

provement ; school-houses may be built, and the Lancasterian plan put into activity ; but this, beneficial as it is, will never work its *full* effect, till all the other subsidiary branches co-operate with it towards the amelioration of the condition and the enlargement of the comforts of the lower classes ; — their habitations must be rendered somewhat more convenient than the wigwam of a savage, and their hire must be so far augmented, as to put the necessaries of life within their reach. Some of the Irish agents could, if they pleased, give much information on this subject to their principals.

P. 19.---*Mr. Seymour said nothing, but took out his handkerchief and blew his nose, and stooped down to stroke little Johnny's head ; and then he shook hands with my ather and mother, and called them good people, and went off quite pleasantly.*

This is a natural and beautiful description of the feelings of a benevolent mind, gratified by meeting its reward in the

acknowledgment of the good it meditates ; this pleasure is sometimes afforded by the poor of Ireland, but oftener denied ; and consequently a persevering spirit, not to be disgusted by absurdity, or dismayed by opposition, is essential in the prosecutions of any plans of improvement in Ireland ; sudden fits of giving flannel petticoats, and expecting large returns of gratitude and decorum, will not do there ; consistency, steadiness, and forbearance are the rare and useful qualities which can alone slowly produce any salutary or permanent effects.

P. 20.—*Sure the bird sings more merrily on the tree than in a cage, and it has company, and is happy ; and I believe it is a sin to make any thing unhappy.*

This benevolent observation may be extended farther, to the unfortunate inmates of a prison, for whom some *philanthropists* have recommended *solitary confinement*, as a punishment, of different degrees of duration, in proportion to the

enormity of their offences. It is unnecessary here to urge the many strong objections which exist against such a detestable system ; it is impossible, however, not to be struck with the strange inconsistencies into which humane and cultivated minds are hurried by system, or by the wish of immediately alleviating a mischief, regardless of future consequences ; it was in this way that Las Casas became the founder of the *slave trade* ; and many other instances might be quoted of similar anomalies in mercy, originating in prejudice or precipitation.

P. 21.—*Oh, Biddy, sure the forgiveness that my father and mother gave me, and the advice and the blessings all came down upon me, so that I thought that I'd melt away before them ; and all night I sobbed and cried, till my heart was spent, and my head was aching.*

This, though highly figurative, is the unexaggerated expression of the Irish ; the operation of the dreadful penal

code, which the beneficence and wisdom of our excellent sovereign has nearly abrogated, was to compel the people into illusion and simile; love too, who from time immemorial has been known to delight in metaphor, and before whose shrine the sons of Erin have most devoutly bowed, determined the genius of the language, and stamped it with the poetical character.

P. 24.—*I think myself a little better than a pig, and worthy of better victuals too.*

Thady is rather singular in his opinion about the pig, who is a personage of very great consequence in the Irish family.—A gentleman who was walking through a village not many months ago, stopped at a decent better kind of looking house, and peeped in, through a broken pane, from which he removed the obstacle of an old pair of breeches, which exerted themselves to keep out the “winter’s flaw,” at a boarded room, which seemed not quite to have lost all memory of the decency that once

inhabited there ;—the family, however, kept snug in the kindred kitchen, and resigned the other apartment to a sow, who was at that time maternally employed in the sustentation of nine interesting objects of her unremitting tenderness.—The gentleman, who, from having been recently in England, was the more struck with the inversion of this arrangement, expostulated with the owner of the house, “you will excuse me, Sir, but really the thing is so singular, I must ask you why you put your pig in the parlour?”—Why then I’ll tell you that, *plase* your honour—I put the pig in the parlour, *bekase* there is every *conveniency* in it for a pig.”

P. 25.—*And sure, Thady, that was very good diet for the like of us, if we were men, let alone gossoons.*

It is easier to tell what *gossoons* are, than to trace the derivation of the term—they are boys, who, in the interval between the capability of locomotion and

the strength for manual labour, are employed, according to their powers, as substitutes for all the various deficiencies under which farm-houses, offices, and all other appurtenances most deplorably labour;—there are turkey-boys, and pig-boys, and bullock-boys; nay, one proprietor, whose land was eminently ill fenced, employed them for *gates*; and so completely had their occupation passed into an usage, that they were always spoken of under that appellation——“The cows will be in the barley before those little blackguard *gates* have done their dinner!——drive those damned *gates* out of the kitchen---they eat more of my potatoes than their heads are worth!”

P. 28.—*But somehow I grew tired of it, and so did he.*

This being, *somehow*, tired of a pursuit, and then shifting to something else—this despair of conquering difficulties—this disinclination to work down those knots in the material of life, which, when

smoothed and polished, become its greatest ornaments——is the bane of Ireland; there is no want of talent, but a great lack of perseverance. It would be curious to know how much of this may be ascribed to the new-fangled education, which has turned every object, even the serious scientific pursuits, into a *play*—this early smattering, and the ease with which it is acquired, must necessarily relax attention, and make us shrink from that which demands arduous study; the mind, accustomed to have every thing planed down before it, every intricacy unravelled, and every obscurity elucidated, becomes at last torpid, for want of exercise, and incapable of that sustained, and intrepid application, which leads to excellence: “Sit down *doggedly* to your task, Sir,” said Johnson to one of these vacillators—“and then perhaps you may subdue it.”

P. 29.—*I soon taught you all to spell, just by sticking to it every day; and you*

could not forget what you learned, from one day to another.

Patience and perseverance, are the main ingredients in instruction: a little every day; enough to keep the faculties in motion, and not too much, to clog them; with these qualities, combined with competent knowledge, a teacher of the rudiments of learning will succeed more effectually, than if possessed of genius, which is but too often another name for morbid quickness, and sensitive impatience: in page 30, there is an observation, which renders any further remark unnecessary: "He kept me to it, (speaking of the garden), till I grew fond of it in earnest, and fell into the way of minding it, as I would of eating my dinner."

P. 35.---When any thing fails with you, strive to make out the reason why it went astray, and do better next time.

This is excellent advice, and the whole chapter is highly valuable, as re-

commendatory of that attention to a small piece of ground, which would render it, not merely ornamental, but highly lucrative. Providence drops the seed in abundance, but in no place is that liberality more abused than in Ireland; if the counsel here given was followed, planting, that most beneficial of all improvements, would become general: the agents of large properties would do infinite good, by devoting a small portion of land to the rearing of the common trees; these given, in the way of premium, to the most deserving of the poor tenantry, would soon impress a very different character upon the estate, and instead of offending, in the form of a denuded waste, it would assume that rich, and furnished appearance, which wood, in all its stages of growth, never fails to impart.

P. 37.---*I am greatly obliged to you, father; but now the evening is growing cold, and you should not stand here, after being warm with your work.*

This is a beautiful instance of that affectionate intercourse, which would necessarily follow from a substitution, in Ireland, of that selfish feeling, which rack-rents engender, for those kindly charities, which a fixed property are so well calculated to produce: the father and the son would then labour affectionately together; certainty of possession would give a stimulus to their toil, and common interest, warmed by the paternal, and filial feelings, would knit them together in bonds, which, while they increased their own happiness, would be the best pledge to the state of order and allegiance.

P. 38.---*But now the time is come to go to Neddy Horan's night-school.*

The details, contained in this chapter, are founded in *fact*, and the Neddy Horan mentioned here, under a fictitious name, is now master of a very flourishing day-school, for boys and girls, at Ballitore. The circumstances of the contri-

bution of the candle, and the sods of turf, are strictly true ; and it was in this praise-worthy manner, that he rendered himself capable of exercising the respectable employment he now fills, to the general satisfaction of the conductors of the institution, which has opened the gates of useful instruction to upwards of two hundred young persons, of both sexes, and of all persuasions. The institution originated in the exertions of the Society of Friends, whose zeal, in every good and charitable work, is as unceasing, as it is well directed.

P. 42.—*Thady, I have a call to you.*

Call, means a privilege of interfering.

P. 42.—*Kit Dooley said, he hoped the dog bit you, and he believed he was mad.*

The practice of torturing dogs, in the various ways which cruelty and brutality have devised, is attended with very alarming danger ; an animal worried, will probably become mad, and the consequences to those whom he bites are,

perhaps, the most horrifyingly fatal, that imagination can paint. Those who have witnessed the agonies that attended hydrophobia, can alone fully conceive them; the unhappy patient, after having been dosed with a variety of absurd remedies, was, till lately, unhumanly murdered, in many instances, by suffocation, between two beds: murder it may termed, since superior skill has lately discovered, in some cases, a cure, and in all, a palliation of the most distressing symptoms, *large and repeated bleedings*; they should be continued, till the difficulty of swallowing is removed, and the person's agitation subsides; and these effects will generally follow, if the practice recommended be steadily pursued.

P. 45.---*But a person's mind may be hurt, and heart broken, by the behaviour of inconsiderate hard-hearted people.*

This is said, in reference to those people, and they are unfortunately very

numerous, who keep out of the reach of the laws, but act in continual violation of that equity which should govern our intercourse with our fellow creatures. Amongst the superior ranks, it manifests itself in the more polished exercises of guarded, but cutting insult,

The word whose meaning kills, yet told,

The hearer wonders that you thought it cold—
whilst the poorer ruffian starves his family by his profligacy, terrifies them by his violence, and grinds them by his ill humour. Of this the law can take no cognisance; for though the domestic tyrant is punishable for an assault, a broken heart, of which he is guilty, does not come within the purview of any statute.

P. 46.—*Any how, it was a poor mean-spirited turn of Mr. Kinselagh, to expose a young boy, for the lucre of two or three apples.*

There is not a more marked difference between England and Ireland, than the

habitual resort, in the one country, to the LAWS, and in the other, to the PASSIONS. An appliance to the laws, in the early stages of *filching*, would prove of the most incalculable good ; the individual petty thief would be arrested in his progress, and perhaps reformed : the *horse-whipping* that he in general receives, only sharpens his wits, and hardens him in his iniquity ; he proceeds from enormity to enormity—commences in the pick-pocket, and terminates in the murderer : a curious specimen of the *morality* of this minor description of offenders is upon record : four or five of these caitiffs were taken up, and confined in a room, previous to their committal : the ensuing morning, upon awakening, one of them missed a pocket handkerchief, which he had stolen the preceding evening, and a great hubbub ensued---the parties underwent a strict examination, but nothing was found ; the aggrieved rascal, however, was by no means satisfied, but

indignantly exclaimed, “ Well, it is a folly to talk---there *must* be a *thief* among us, one how or another !”

P. 47—*But you know, boxing orchards is a different thing.*

Boxing orchards, however the prescription may go against it, is neither more nor less than *robbery*; robbery, in most instances, of a very distressing kind; for orchards are in general let to poor men, who earn any profit upon them very hardly, by losing their sleep, during the whole period of their custody. It is curious to hear very *good men*, taking their little sons upon their knees, and recounting to them their “hair-breadth ‘scapes,” in such exploits as these; surely they ought to have something better to tell of their “boyish days;” there is no legitimate triumph in *plunder*; if, indeed, a parent would delight, and instruct the ear of his child with a description of having saved a fellow creature from “flood, or fire,” at the hazard

of his life, "it would be something ;" but to detail plans of petty rapine, and schemes of elaborate cruelty, is only to lay the foundation for a superstructure in after life, of fraud, tyranny, and circumvention.

P. 51.—*And many an hour I lie awake wishing I had never touched a card.*

The advocates of ignorance, who are still, it is grievous to think, very numerous, speak of the dangers of teaching the poor to *read*, because it puts it into their power to peruse *bad* books, as well as *good* ones : but are they aware, that the poor man, though he cannot *read*, can *listen* to *reading*, and is liable to ten thousand times more danger, from vicious impressions, than if his mind had been fortified, and enlarged by instruction : the ignorant understanding is naturally prone to every thing that is evil ; in proportion as it is raised, it is secured ;

as long as you leave it grovelling, every part of it comes in contact with the mire ; exalt it, and you save it from contamination : as to *cards*, they are the very aliment, the living principles of idleness ; combining the exercise of skill with the alternations of what is called *luck*, they offer an almost irresistible temptation to the unfurnished mind : books are the only antidote to such poisons ; and if it were possible to ascertain, in this stage of our being, the propitious influence of literature, well and usefully applied, it would probably be found that it has saved fifty times the number from destruction, than Voltaire, or Paine, or the amatory Poets, have even rotted, and destroyed.

P. 52.—*Take care that the punch don't do you as much hurt as the card playing.*

The destructive habits of indulgence, in what Johnson would call *spirituous potation* cannot be too strongly reprobated ; an excess in malt liquor, though highly

reprehensible, is not near so dangerous ; for as somebody observes, “those that *drink* beer, *think* beer ;” they are not maddened, like the votaries of whiskey, and prompted to every outrage and enormity ; the notion so prevalent that the drinking any species of vinous or fermented liquor, contributes to strength, or the power of enduring fatigue, is erroneous—it is well known that the illustrious Franklin was at one period of his life a journeyman printer, and for some months worked at the press, a most laborious occupation ; he observed that those who toiled with him, expended the greater part of their earnings in *porter*, on the presumption that it tended materially to invigorate them ; but *what*, said Franklin, *is porter* ?—is it not bread-corn steeped in water, and prepared by a particular process : while *they* are at a very great expense sustaining themselves upon this extract, I will support myself on its original ingredients, and see whe-

ther my vigour will not equal theirs. He did so for a considerable time, and found himself more competent to the task that was assigned him than his fellow labourers. The particulars of this most interesting experiment will be found in “Franklin’s life, written by himself,”—a piece of biography that does more honour to the author, and to human nature, than any perhaps that ever was published—it is the history of *ingenuity, independence, perseverance, and probity*; and as such we strongly recommend it to general perusal.

P. 52.—*Ah, sure it will break your heart, when they are dead and gone, if you have to think you did not do your duty by them.*

This is a strong incentive to well doing; but, perhaps there is a stronger, the conviction that those who took a strong interest in us here, are still sensible to our conduct hereafter. There is a very striking passage in a letter from

Johnson to Elphinstone, which throws a new and strong light upon this subject, and which will not be deemed obtrusive by those who know the frailty of our virtue, and how much it stands in need of every subsidiary incitement. Elphinstone wrote to him for consolation, under the death of his mother, and what follows is an extract from his answer ; “the business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues, of which we are lamenting our deprivation—the greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another, is to guard, and incite, and elevate his virtues ; this your mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death ; a life, so far as I can learn, useful and wise, and a death resigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope that you may increase her happiness, by

obeying her precepts, and that she may in her present state look with pleasure upon every act of virtue, to which her instructions and example have contributed; whether this be more than a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of separate spirits, is indeed of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God."

P. 54.---But he did not seem likely to better himself then, so he came home again, and sorry enough he is that he ever went there.

This is the general result of that passion for changing which possesses the majority of Irish servants, and produces so much disturbance in domestic economy; the master being restrained from doing what would benefit, and conciliate his servant, through the apprehension of his quitting him, under the influence of temptation, in the form of a *pound more*, in the amount of the wages elsewhere: it may be easily seen, how such feelings

act and re-act upon the parties, repressing kindness, and relaxing attachment.

P. 59—*He desired me to go and look at Jemmy, making baskets, and neatly he made them ; and the young ladies where he lives, have work-baskets a-piece.*

It is generally urged by those who absent themselves unnecessarily from their native country, and prefer the dissipation of London, and the frivolities of watering places, to the sober and homefelt delights of a residence on their estates, that they have an unquestionable right to consult their own gratifications ; this we shall not now dispute—we may, however, observe, that great and manifold are the advantages derivable to a neighbourhood, arising from the residence of a humane and intelligent family, well versed in the theory and practice of benevolence : the younger branches have endless opportunities of doing real service, by patronising ingenuity, and encouraging industry ; by the mere superintendence

of a school or manufactory, they can confer a greater and more lasting obligation, and more beneficially influence the future happiness of the poor, than by lavishing hundreds on the very same objects at a distance from the scene of their exertions; occupation, engagement, and the gratification of all the better feelings, are the rich fruits of those exertions; and if the raffle, and the race-course, are preferred to their enjoyment, we can only pity (for they are too despicable to condemn) the triflers who forfeit them.

P. 61.----*Happy ! and she blind; and next door to begging !*

It was reserved for this age, to make many very valuable improvements, not merely in science but in happiness. Christianity led the way to these discoveries; amongst the Greeks and Romans, the treatment of the infirm and the disabled, was cruel in the extreme: in our day compassion has resumed her influence, and is wisely directed; the insti-

tutions for the blind, have done infinite service, not merely by enabling these destitute persons to contribute to their own support, but in doing so, have materially enlarged the sphere of their enjoyments. At Liverpool there is a very extensive establishment of this description, and every countenance there is full of animation, and alacrity; the most difficult processes in weaving are executed with the greatest precision. Those who manifest a musical talent, are taught to sing, and play; and few persons who have witnessed their exertions, accompanied by the organ, will forget the impression made upon them by this most interesting scene: where many a sightless orb is turned towards heaven, not in despondence, or upbraiding, but in praise and thanksgiving, to him "who giveth, and who taketh away," and whose name is addressed in that spirit, which, under the heaviest affliction, can exclaim, "blessed be the name of the Lord!"

The Richmond institution, for the

blind, in Dublin, though yet in its infancy, bears honourable testimony to the gave genuine philanthropic spirit, which it “an habitation and a name.”

P. 63.—*And he says, only it's so far from his burying place, he would go back again, across the sea * * * **

Amongst the Irish, the attachment to those burying places, where the remains of their relations are deposited, is peculiarly strong, upon the principle of rising together with them at the great day of account: the rites of sepulture are scrupulously observed, and considered materially to influence, if neglected, the future happiness. The funeral of a young woman is generally attended by her companions, who carry garlands, made of white paper, a cross of the same material, and baskets filled with flowers; the garland and cross are stuck on the grave, the flowers strewed over it, and at the end of a month, this interesting impressive ceremony is renewed; at the cross roads, the attendants of

an Irish funeral stop awhile, and pray for the deceased, the men uncovering their heads ; the satisfied and complacent manner, in which the whole circumstance of mortality is talked of in Ireland, must surprise those who have not been schooled by adversity and privations, into true practical resignation. An old gravedigger, when he felt the infirmities of advanced life, said to a woman still older than himself, and for whom he entertained a sincere friendship—" Ah, Miss Sally, I am afraid I won't be able to dig your grave ; but I'll stand by, and see that it is properly done."——Another old man, who had been reduced from competence to beggary by the rebellion, and who had lost two sons in the conflict, while he felt acutely his reverse of fortune, was also very sensible of the kindness of some charitable persons, who were in the habit of relieving him : one day while he was numbering his blessings, amongst the rest, that he had wherewithal

to buy a *sheet for his burial*. The idea of his sufferings rose painfully on the mind of a person present, who said, but without the intention of his hearing the observation ; “poor man !” but he overheard it, and turning round, with a smile, exclaimed, “by dad, I’m a rich man !” He was from the county of Wexford, and hearing that a neighbouring gentleman was from the *same place*, he requested one of *his old shirts* to be *buried in* : soon after he got it, his wife feeling herself indisposed, set out for her native county to die there ;—he accompanied her ; both died on the journey, within a few days of each other.

P. 64.—*He has set up something like a club, and every member of it is to pay three-pence a week.*

It is most devoutly to be hoped, that Irish country gentlemen will at last begin to imitate the benevolent example of Mr. Curwen, and other public-spirited landed proprietors in England :

if such assistance is found indispensably necessary to the well being of the *English poor*, who have their proportion of *six millions sterling*, levied *annually* in *poor rates* throughout England and Wales, how much more is aid *imperiously* demanded for the *Irish poor*, who, under the visitation of calamity, in all its various and distressing forms, have no refuge but in the sometimes very tardy and inadequate bounty of the better classes. This whole chapter should be read by the *rich*, as well as the *poor*: upon some points they want information and instruction, to the full as much as their more-indigent brethren.

P. 71---*Mary is pretty, but she is better than pretty; she is a sensible reserved girl, and you'd never see her taking a walk with a young man, by their two selves.*

This is an admirable definition of that strongest female charm which, in all ranks, binds the heart worth attaching, and preserves it in willing allegiance---

the dignity “that would be wooed, and not unsought be won,” is woman’s greatest praise, and surest safeguard. In Ireland this sentiment prevails infinitely more strongly and more generally, than in England; here a woman’s character once tainted, her future prospects, with respect to marriage, are totally clouded; even money is found often to fail, in reconciling a man to the infamy of such an union: the laws with respect to the swearing bastards to their real, or reputed fathers, do not prevail here, and to this much of the virtue of our women, in the lower classes, is attributable: the compromise between character and pecuniary advantage, is not yet prevalent, and our women, instead of unblushingly avowing their indiscretion, fly into obscurity and solitude, to bewail it.

P. 73—*Now as to telling a white lie, it’s what I don’t deny.*

A white lie is a falsehood, arising not from malignity, but a wish to extenuate ;

a practice, which, however it may be reconciled to a slipping conscience, often produces effects as destructive as deviations from the truth of a *blacker* description.

P. 77.—*I delayed a little, to see would he offer me more.*

This whole dialogue is an admirable picture of the disappointment of that spirit of over-reaching and embarrassing to *extort*, which prevails too much in Ireland. These *cute* personages seem rather to have a *wire edge* upon their wits, than to be endowed with that sharpness and sensibility to their interests, which is the result of the exercise of *unabused* sagacity.

P. 81.—*They say his people would have had your life, if they could have got hold of you.*

Injuries are remembered in Ireland with extraordinary tenacity, and in the inveteracy of vindictiveness, there is much resemblance to the American tribes,

but without their ambush ; all is apparent and open violence : The two hostile *factions* march into the fair, flourishing their shillelahs, and proceed to break one another's heads, with the most determined perseverance ; if the *ruction* terminates in a drawn battle, the conflict is merely deferred till the next public opportunity for determining it ; but if one of the parties is decidedly worsted, a reconciliation ensues, and the oak-stick of war is buried with all due ceremony, and its grave watered with copious libations of whiskey.

P. 82.—*I remark, that people who don't keep anger long, go into a passion at every hand's turn.*

This remark is founded in a true knowledge of human nature ; the excuses we daily have made for the ungovernableness of temper, are nauseous and contemptible ; temper is within every man's dominion ; when people who call and think themselves *religious*, talk in this

way, the assertion becomes still more dangerously hypocritical; for the *first* and most *decisive* change that religion operates, is upon the *temper*; substituting cheerfulness and equanimity for the starts of anger, or the gloom of sullenness; so that where there is not a *well-regulated temper*, we may safely infer, that there is very little genuine or effective *religion*.

P. 58.—*Well, I wonder that Owen could have the heart to refuse me his scythe.*

The system of borrowing in Ireland, is in the fullest activity, and the ill will incurred, by refusing the loan of any article, strong and lasting; this follows necessarily, from the abject poverty in which the people are involved: the whole household stuff of the great majority of poor labourers, consists in two or three cracked plates, a tea-kettle, and one iron pot, in which they boil their potatoes; this solitary but invaluable utensil, is also

used as a *washing-tub*, and a *pig-trough*. The *smoothing-iron* is sometimes sent for to the distance of half a mile, and a *frying-pan* commands a wider circuit.—The shifts, and substitutions that sometimes occur, would be ludicrous, were they not accompanied by the reflection, that in 1813, and in what is by courtesy called a *civilized country*, the hard necessity should exist of resorting to them.

P. 59.—*What signifies giving offence, compared to running any chance about one's child.*

The whole chapter on *independence*, is admirable: it inculcates that which is the living principle of all worth, respectability and usefulness; the remark upon “the chances about one's child,” applies to high as well as low life; where we find people consigning their offspring to the caprices of rich relations, who sometimes withhold the hard-earned legacy, but in the interim, at all events, ruin the disposition, and relax the tone of all

those honourable feelings, whose vigour and spring should be the characteristic of the manly mind ; this is, indeed, sacrificing to *Mammon* !—This, and sending children to certain fashionable schools, for the express purpose of *forming connections*, are prominent features in modern *management*.

P. 196.—*And why were you not a better judge of the seed?*

This chapter on *potatoes*, and chapter 25, on *tillage*, are extremely valuable, as being the result of *practical* knowledge and experience: the details may be relied upon, and the result will be most beneficial to the poor, if the plan (observing proper allowance for the circumstances to which time, place, and opportunity must make it subservient) is attentively followed.

P. 102.—*To the Hospital! I'd be sorry to bury the creatures alive there.*

The prejudice against *Hospitals*, and in favour of *rotting together* in disease,

filth, and contagion, is strong in Ireland ; and the efficacy of *charms* and *cures*, is yet fatally prevalent ; the *seventh* son is still reputed to possess the gift of healing : those he *handles* are relieved from scrophulous swellings, and rheumatism ; his *blood* heals sores—though not a *seventh* son, if a male and female worm be placed in a new-born infant's hand, and suffered to *die* there, he is endowed with the *same* gift : he who licks a reptile of the lizard kind, found in standing waters, has ever after the *reputation* of curing burns by *licking* them : wearing the hair of a child born after the death of its father, is a cure for the *hooping-cough* ; if the child himself *walks over* the back of a person afflicted with pains there, he is endowed with the faculty of *curing* it : upon visiting a man in typhus fever, the assistant was assailed by a dreadfully offensive smell—upon examination, the *patient* had a *red herring* placed upon the pit of his stomach, where it had remained for :

six and thirty hours operating a cure. Such are the consequences of *superstition*; *ignorance* produces effects, less desperate, and sometimes ludicrous: a *blister* had been ordered by a medical man, in the *incautious* conviction that the proper application of it was well known; upon calling the next day, the following conversation occurred: How is Corney? — Oh, very bad, rejoined Corney's wife! — Did the blister rise? — Sure enough, it has been *rising* off his *stummick*, the whole night! Rising off his stomach! what do you mean? — Why, please your honour, he tried to eat it *raw*, but he had not *strength* for it, so I cut it in stripes, and I *fried* it in the pan, with a bit of bacon and a couple of eggs, to make it more *palatable*, and sure enough, he *relished* it; but he has been *romancing* ever since, and indeed, indeed, Doctor honey, I don't think that he ever will *disgist* it, as long as he lives! — Such are the noxious *follies* of the indi-

gent, lineally descended from those practised under the *patent* of credulity, which endowed the Plantagenets with the *prerogative* of removing the *cramp*, and the Stuarts with the *virtue* of curing the *evil*.

P. 103.—*And there's the fever hospital (at Kilcullen,) no one can fault that, I'm sure.*

This institution does infinite credit to the humanity that contributes to its foundation: the Latouches, with their usual munificent and well-directed bounty, subscribed largely: and in the Rev. Kildare Burrows, it has the good fortune to have a visitor, who combines the most competent knowledge in all that relates to this department of charity, with the most unwearied zeal in behalf of the afflicted poor, who seek, and find relief there.

P. 104.—*And comforts them when they are low-spirited.*

Many cases of *nervous depression*, aris-

ing from excess, or the extenuation of fatigue, are ascribed to the agency of *the fairies*; a little girl was *fairy struck*, (deprived of the use of her limbs) probably from imprudent exposure to cold, while at work in the fields; her brother, half in lamentation, and half in reproach, said, “now if she had put two *traneens* *across*, (stalks of a species of coarse grass) or even stuck two pins across in her sleeve, this would not have happened her.

P. 117.—*But I scorned such exactness!*

This is fine copying from Irish life; this *scorn of exactness*, is the nursing mother of the most poignant evils that assail the poor; quarrels, suspicions, and insinuations, are plentifully engendered from this source; many a poor man has rotted in jail, from the want of precision in his accounts and dealings, and many a wealthy one has figured in the bankrupt calendar from a similar inattention.

P. 118.---*The Doctor * * * * says that the fever has left him, and that there is no danger, if we take care to keep every thing quiet about him.*

In fever, every thing depends upon *quiet*; in the diseased and highly irritable state in which febrile diseases involve the patient, no medicine can prove serviceable unless every stimulus is carefully removed; the kind but destructive custom of visiting in *large bodies*, which, under such circumstances, is prevalent amongst the Irish, not only exposes the sympathizing acquaintance to great danger, but materially retards the poor sufferer's recovery, and, in some cases, renders it hopeless. The various points in this chapter should be strongly impressed, for they are founded in experience; the hint to accomplish a thorough ventilation, as recommended in page 79, should be especially attended to.

P. 121.---*Well, I wonder your gossip*

Nanny Doyle, or her little girl, don't come to ask how my poor boy is.

The *gossip* is a near and dear friend, male or female: they promise for each other's children at baptism; none but those who are *beloved* are asked to do so. The gossip forms a tie in society, added to all other ties; reciprocal good offices, and participation of each others joys and sorrows, are expected from gossips: it is a name of tenderness and reverence.

P. 121.—*Ah, it was they that asked often, and would ask every hour in the day, only for fear of being remarked.*

The character of Mary is beautifully drawn, and developed in this and the following chapters, and the touches are so obviously exquisite, that it would be doing injustice to the taste and feelings of the reader to point them out; this is the *true delicacy* which is confined to no rank, and is equally the ornament of all, and

that displays itself in various ways ; and amongst no people more frequently, nor more strongly, than the Irish : some, even amongst the lower classes, are characterised by a native courtesy of manners ; others possess an uncommon portion of wit, and most a fund of genuine humour ; a poor old woman in the village where these dialogues were written, *dictates* letters to her son, of which some of the modern publishing *epistle-mongers* need not be ashamed.

P. 128—*I can't marry Simon Lyons if he was as good as the priest, or as Mr. Seymour, and if he was hung with diamonds.*

The priest is, and very often deservedly, one of the most important personages in Irish estimation ; he is not merely employed in the ceremonials of the ritual, but is applied to as the reconciler of difficulties, and the healer of those wounds of the heart, which would fester under less intimate and revered interfe-

rence; essential at all times, it is at the hour of death that his attentions are more indispensably necessary; in their own expressive language, in answer to inquiries at the last solemn moments of dissolution, they tell you, as a perfectly satisfactory reply, “he has taken the Priest;” he is expiring in the plenitude of that confidence which the Priest can impart, and they are satisfied.

P. 136—*Bless you, my good child! I am sure I don't know how we could sit down to eat our bit without you.*

There is amongst the Irish a cordiality, perhaps it would be more just to call it an *intensity*, of family feeling, which compensates for many, for *all* the hardships of their lot: if misery deprives us of some of the comforts of life, it binds us more strongly to those that still remain; in Ireland there is an absolute community of the meal; it is not right, it is not welcome, but a kind of undefined

feeling, compounded of hospitality and tenderness, which opens *the heart* as well as *the door*, and shares instinctively with our neighbour or relative; you never see, as in England frequently, the members of *the same family, in the same room, at different tables*, sustaining but not enjoying life, over distinct messes of food; *our comfort* is in full and free participation; and perhaps in this respect, as far as happiness goes, we “order these things” as well here as in England.

P. 144.—*La, sure you earn a power! you're always at work.*

Earning *a power*, means earning *a great deal*; and if industry and knowledge are identified with the same quality, which Locke ascribes to the latter, perhaps the word may be found to be properly applied. *Industry* is certainly *power*—not merely from the money which it earns; but from the weight of respectability which attaches to it; the *idler* in every rank is

contemptible: even surrounded with wealth, you must despise him, and turn for refreshment to the estimable son of toil, who makes himself *essential* to the society in which he lives, and which he enriches, supports, and adorns.

P. 151.---*And now, as you value your mother's blessing, go and ask her to marry you.*

This, and the following chapter (34), descriptive of the causes and the consequences of seduction, are strongly delineated; the unfortunate Hetty Flood dies of grief and shame: this, to the honour of the chastity of our women, is the frequent termination of their indiscretion; the adjuration, *as you value your mother's blessing*, is very characteristic: the Irish mother has unbounded influence over her son; he follows her in walking; the wife follows the husband; the son seldom neglects the mother's age, and the curse of the mother is a fearful malediction: Filial

reverence is finely described *by Shakspeare* ; Coriolanus says to Volumnia,

you gods, I prate,

And the most noble mother of the world.

I leave unsaluted—sink my knee i'the earth,

Of thy *deep duty* more impression shew

Than that of common sons.

Nor is the *loyalty* of connubial attachment less beautifully expressed in his address to his wife,

O—a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !

Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss

I carried from thee, dear, and my true love

Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

P. 158.—*I am sure she did not curse you, because she prayed so heartily to have her sins forgiven ; and sure she durst not pray for that, if she did not forgive others.*

The morality of the gospel is definitive ; and of all the precepts it inculcates, there is none so strongly impressed as *forgiveness* ; the command is too clear for casuistry to hang a doubt on ; to the credit of the Irish, vindictiveness has little influ-

ence amongst them. At the fair of Timolin, a man was so wounded in a fray, that he died in a few days. While he was dying, he desired that no one should be prosecuted on his account, for they knew not whom they struck. He remembered, when it was most needful to remember it, the words of his Redeemer; "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

P. 166.—*And at night, returning thanks to him that took care of us through the day.*

There is a warmth of heart amongst the Irish, which, if rightly cultivated, might be turned into the channel of effective devotion, instead of being perverted, and abused, as it now is, by gross superstition; when they mention any affliction or trial that has befallen them, they always add, 'thanks be to the Lord;' they also deem that the life of an animal is taken instead of one of the family, and bear such losses with exemplary patience; they dread to swear by the cross; any thing in that form is revered.

P. 178.—*I was very lucky when I was in liquor ever till now.*

The confidence in luck is unbounded, and the manner in which it is secured and imparted singularly whimsical; they spit on a new-born child, or a dear friend, to ensure it to them: for the same purpose, at a wedding, they wear some borrowed garment; the weather also prognosticates luck—

Happy the bride that the sun shines on,

Happy the corpse that the rain rains on.

P. 183.—*Do you think they listed?*

The expedients of crimp serjeants in their system of kidnapping, are singularly ingenious, and demonstrate their knowledge of the *ruling passion*: “What a handsome fellow you are, Pat!—what a back, *and what a calf!*—why you’ll be a general before the twelve months are gone by. Do you know that gentleman riding by, in the red coat, and with the epaulets on his shoulders?”—“Not myself, in troth—who is he?” “Why that’s General O’Blarney—I listed him but eighteen months ago, and now he’s so

great a man, that he *pretends not to know me!*—and that's the way *you'll* be after treating me, Pat, when *you* become a general!" and this goes down.

P. 181.—*Neighbour, I'm heartily sorry for your trouble.*

This is said in that *genuine* spirit of good will, of which there are numerous instances; amongst many characters marked by kindness, there was one more *eminently* good-natured; he was a poor man, who lived in the western part of the county of Cork, and during a long life, was literally known *never to have spoken ill* of any body. A gentleman who heard that his landlord had treated him with severity, resolved to try whether he would not blame him, and asked the poor man what he thought of the squire? He replied, "by my word, shur, he *fistles* (whistles) well, *whatever*." A poor woman, in the fulness of her good heart, was so struck with the rare ingenuity of a *washing machine* she had been shewn, that she absolutely awarded an *apotheosis*.

to the inventor ; “ well, I believe, after a while, he will go up to heaven, brogues and all.”

P. 195.—*I wanted to surprize you.*

This whole chapter is written in the genuine spirit of real love ; but, indeed, the traits of feeling and benevolence are too strongly marked throughout this little work, to render any annotation necessary ; all that has been done in that way, has been merely for the purpose of bringing the Irish character forward, in the woven garb of its virtues and its imperfections ; at all times interesting, it is at the present moment peculiarly so ; *the present period is critical*——and, in porportion as it is improved or neglected, the fate of Ireland will be determined : the chief requisite to her prosperity is, *the residence of the landed proprietors*, and the cordial degree of connection that would thence be created between them and their tenantry ; it would be impossible for men to *live* in this country, and not to be im-

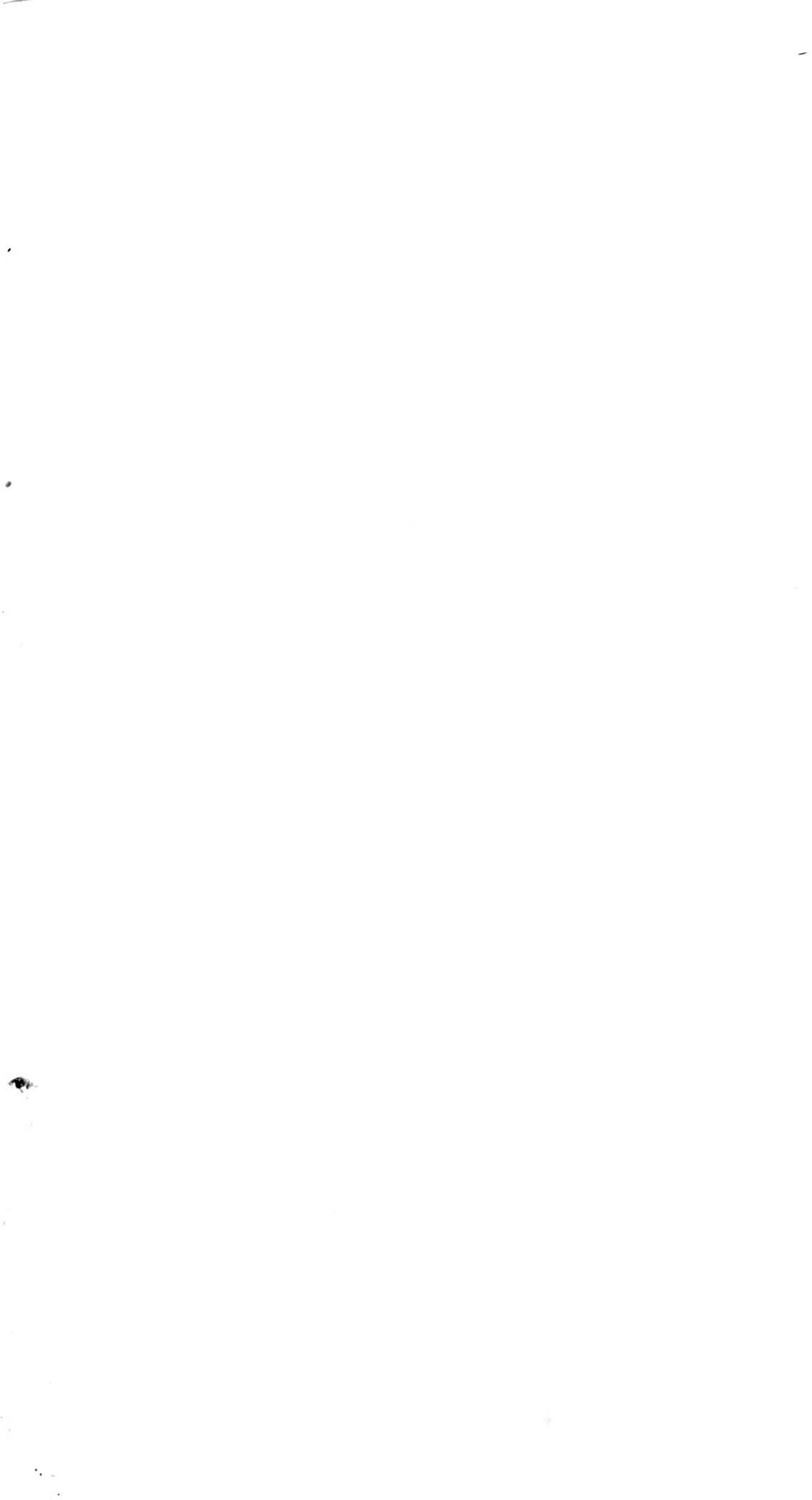
pressed with a sense of the value of those hearts, and the importance of that attachment, which it is in their power to conciliate, and to secure ; many efforts have latterly been made to awaken them to a sense of their *true* interest, and it is sincerely to be hoped that they will produce the desired effect ; force is but a very imperfect security ; independent of affection and esteem, there is no permanence, nor, to a generous disposition, any gratification ; the enjoyments of dissipation are keen, but they are also transitory ; they

In pleasing slumber lull the sense,

And in sweet madness rob it of itself.

But the “sacred and *home-felt* delight,” the “sober certainty of waking bliss,” can only be experienced by those who direct their wealth and benevolence in the right channels, and find their own happiness in the well-being of their fellow creatures.

FINIS.







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